THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Widow and Daughter, 563
2 Sketch of the Character of Lord Nelson, 566
3 The Moral Zoologist, 567
4 Romance of the Pyrenées, 569
5 Directions for forming a Winter Garden, 584
6 Account of the new Comedy—'A Prior Claim'— 590
7 Dalidor and Mulce—A Moral Tale, 592
8 A Noontide Walk in October, 598
9 Tittletattle, 599
10 London and Parisian Fashions, 601
11 Biographical Sketches of the Right Hon. Lord Nelson, K. B. 601
12 POETICAL ESSAYS.—Lines on the late Victory and Death of Lord Nelson—Address to a Rose—Miranda's Grave—Fair Kitty—Epilogue to the new Comedy of 'A Prior Claim'—Hope—Lines to Miss J. B. 605—608
13 Foreign News, 609
14 Home News, 612
15 Births, 615
16 Marriages, 615
17 Deaths, 616

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 The WIDOW and DAUGHTER.
2 The BULLFINCH and GREENFINCH.
3 LONDON WALKING and FULL DRESS.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a DIAGONAL STRIPE, &c.
5 A new and elegant PATTERN for a TRIMMING, &c.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Yeames's communication is received, and intended for insertion either next month or in the Supplement.

Matilda Spencer's contribution is received, and shall appear.

We are sorry to have incurred inadvertently the heavy displeasure of Mr. Snart. His piece had for some time been mislaid. It is now returned, as requested, and we hope his anger has subsided. Our objection to it was, that the subject—(on the ladies wearing drawers and pantaloons)—and especially the manner of treating it, though not perhaps absolutely or broadly indelicate, bordered too nearly on indelicacy, or, at least, had a tendency to excite indelicate ideas.

With respect to the enquiry of several of our Correspondents—when the continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* will be resumed; we can only say, that we wish the lady who is the author of that piece would answer that question.

We are under the necessity of rejecting the poem by *Juvenio*, though many of the lines are good.

*** In our next will be continued *Botany for Ladies*, by Dr. THORNTON, with Two illustrative PLATES.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

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THE WIDOW AND DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

MADAME de St. Amand had been deprived, by the alarming stroke of sudden death, of a husband to whom she was most affectionately devoted, and who returned her love with equal ardour. Her daughter Adelaide shared in her grief, and mourned inconsolably the best of fathers. For a considerable time they repaired together every day to the grave in which the remains of all they had held dear were deposited; and would there mingle their tears, and find a kind of melancholy relief in the indulgence of unavailing sorrow.

This repeated expression of their grief attracted the notice of M. de Serville, a young gentleman who had likewise lately lost his father, and by his death came into the uncontrolled possession of a considerable estate. As the house in which he resided was not far from the church-yard that contained the grave of M. de St. Amand, he had frequently observed the widow and her daughter as they knelt and wept; and his feelings were the more strongly excited from the recollection of his late father, whom he equally revered and loved, and whose death he did not the less mourn because it had put him in full possession of the property to which he was heir.

M. de Serville soon found an opportunity to introduce himself to madame de St. Amand and her daughter; and the charms of the latter made immediately a great impression on his heart. In her the utmost beauty of person was combined with an indescribable simplicity of manners and delicacy of sentiment; and her tender sorrow for the death of her father added to these an attraction irresistible by the susceptible heart of M. de Serville. He, however, could not prevail on himself to speak to her on the subject of love in what he esteemed the sacred moment of her grief, but confined himself, in his conversation both with her and her mother, to offering such consolation as his good sense dictated, and endeavouring gradually to divert and

dispel that sorrow which they appeared to have suffered so much as to overwhelm their minds.

The French revolution had commenced a short time before, and on a sudden M. de Serville was denounced as an aristocrat. The warning he received of his danger convinced him it was so urgent that not a moment was to be lost in making his escape. He accordingly set out instantly for England, that happy country of freedom; which then became the asylum of all who were persecuted by popular fury and tyranny, under the name of liberty. So hastily was he obliged to fly, that he had not even time to take leave of madame de St. Amand and the charming Adelaide, whom he now felt more than ever that he really and tenderly loved.

Adelaide, likewise, on her part, after his departure, found a new species of melancholy arise in her mind; which gradually, by diverting her attention, superseded her grief for the loss of her father. Memory retraced to her imagination the strong sense, manly qualities, and, as she at least secretly flattered herself, apparent partiality towards her of M. de Serville. But she told nothing of what passed in her heart to her mother, till the marquis de Forlaix, a gentleman possessing a large estate, though he had renounced his title, in compliance with the taste of the times, becoming violently enamoured of her, made her an offer of himself and his fortune. She received him, however, with a coolness approaching to an expression of absolute aversion; which not a little surprised madame de St. Amand, who considered the marquis as a very advantageous match for Adelaide. In his character she saw nothing to object to, except a somewhat too great profusion in his expenditure, which she attributed to the inconsiderate generosity of youth, and a connection with the upstarts in power, whom she secretly abhorred; but this she attributed to policy, and a wish to preserve his property, and indeed his life. She questioned her daughter on the subject of her behaviour to the marquis; and though Adelaide was not very explicit in her answers, she discovered enough to inform her that she felt her heart too strongly attached to M. de Serville to admit of the addresses of any other person till she had heard again from him, or concerning him. Madame de St. Amand endeavoured to reason her daughter out of this romantic attachment to a person who had never made any declaration to her, but in vain; and the marquis de Forlaix, finding that he could make no impression, discontinued his visits.

A short time after madame de St. Amand received intimation from a confidential friend that she and her daughter were suspected of what was called incivism, or disaffection to the government; and advised them to provide for their safety by flight. They accordingly realised what property they could, and, collecting it together, hastily emigrated into England. Why an inoffensive widow and her daughter, possessing no great wealth, should be thus marked out for persecution by the rulers of the day seemed not easily to be accounted for; but it was suspected that these proceedings were to be attributed to the marquis de Forlaix, who had secretly promoted them, in revenge for the treatment he had received from Adelaide.

The vessel which brought madame de St. Amand and her daughter to England landed them at Plymouth, where they took a place

in the stage for the capital. They travelled by night as well as by day; and when it was dark another passenger, muffled up in a large great-coat, entered the coach. Madame de St. Amand soon discovered that he was a Frenchman, and began a conversation with him in her own language; which the stranger supported with much politeness, though extremely hoarse from a violent cold. Madame de St. Amand, in the course of her conversation, spoke on various topics; and among others, as might, indeed, be expected from a Frenchwoman, on love and marriage. She observed, that the tender passion inspired some minds with extremely romantic ideas, and hinted that she believed such ideas had been ultimately the cause of her banishment from her country. The stranger listened with great attention, and, by remarks and questions properly timed, induced madame de St. Amand to give the outlines of her whole history. Her daughter, she said, had conceived a violent predilection for a gentleman, who, though a very accomplished and truly deserving man, had never made any positive declaration of love to her; and who, besides, having been obliged to leave his country in the same manner that she herself had since been, had either not been able or not desirous to maintain any correspondence with her. A gentleman possessing a very ample estate, and who, while titles were in vogue, bore the title of marquis, had solicited her hand; but she had most pertinaciously remained constant to her imaginary lover, and peremptorily rejected him; in consequence of which he had exerted his influence with the government, and compelled them to fly to a foreign country for the preservation of their lives.

Adelaide, during the progress of this narrative, discovered the greatest uneasiness, and endeavoured to interpose some check to this communicativeness of her mother, but without effect, till the coach stopped at an inn, to give the travellers an opportunity to take some refreshment. The mother and daughter, and the French gentleman, being all the inside passengers, were shown into a room together; and no sooner was the door closed than the latter, opening his great-coat, and throwing off his travelling cap and a handkerchief which half covered his face, discovered himself to be the identical M. de Serville, who had been, in fact, the subject of their conversation. At the same moment he threw himself at the feet of Adelaide, and, pressing her delicate hand to his lips, declared his passion for her in the strongest terms, solemnly calling Heaven to witness that nothing could have made him consent to bear with life, after he had the unhappiness to be separated from her, but the hope he had continually cherished that he should one day enjoy the felicity of seeing her again.

The surprise of madame de St. Amand and the lovely Adelaide can as little be described as the extatic emotions which filled the heart of M. de Serville. He was shortly after united to the object of his affections in the happiest bonds; for, notwithstanding the loss of his estates in France, he had saved sufficient property to enable them to live, if not in luxury and ostentation, at least in ease and comfort.

The marquis de Forlaix, in consequence of the reins of government having been seized by another party, who were desirous of sharing among them his large estate, was some months afterwards thrown into prison, and all his property confiscated, himself narrowly escaping the guillotine.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

THE following sketch of lord Nelson's character is so forcibly expressed, that I am persuaded your readers will not be displeased at its introduction. It is extracted from a dedication prefixed to Lipscomb's Journey into South Wales: and your insertion of it will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

'When I contemplate your lordship's character, I am at a loss for words to convey the various sensations which arise in my mind, at courage the most intrepid, calmness the most prudent, wisdom the most consummate, and humanity the most benignant.

'Whether I view you, my lord, leading the hardy sons of Britain to conquest and to glory—animating them by the firmness of your conduct, without rashness—defying danger—and serene, amidst the din of battle; or see you triumphantly returning at the head of a victorious band—not vain with successes even the most brilliant—not proud of schemes the best concerted, and entirely your own—but, with an aspect glowing with benignity, and exhibiting at once the bravery of Alexander, and the humility of Scipio!—

'Whether I observe you surrounded by admiring countrymen, who greet with honest and unaffected joy the return of their great deliverer; see you receiving at the hands of kings the highest honours and distinctions which grateful monarchs can bestow; or view the mild benevolence, the soft humanity, with which the man before whose presence even heroes have trembled protects the weak, and assists the distressed;—I am lost in astonishment, delight, and extacy; and grieve that the powers of language are so inadequate to such a theme.—

'A few of these excellent qualities, in the same degree in which your lordship possesses them, for the happiness of civilised society, the peculiar honour of your country, and your own glory—even one of them—would be sufficient to immortalise any name: their union forms a chaplet around your brow, which dazzles all men by its sublime refulgence, and sets competition at defiance!

'It challenges the history of the world to produce its equal, through the ages which are past; and shines like a brilliant constellation, to illumine the generations to come.

'When we recall the characters of illustrious heroes long numbered with the mighty dead, we form a juster estimation of their bravery and their worth by the criterion of your lordship's great example.

'When the savage achievements of animal warriors are depicted, how happily is opposed to their barbarous ferocity the calm, intrepid, manly, generous conduct of the hero of the Nile!

'When we read the names of Hampden and of Sidney, we recognise in your lordship the friend of freedom, the defender of rational liberty, and the enemy of oppression.

'When our feelings agonise in the cause of suffering humanity, we gratefully revere that patriot whose wisdom and energy contributed to restore to us the invaluable blessings of tranquillity and peace.

'And when we admire the commercial importance, the agricultural improvements, the juridical advantages, the domestic security of our native land—we rightly appreciate the benefits which have been derived

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Chatterer.

to it from the exertions of a gallant commander, whose life has been one constant scene of laborious activity in the defence, the service, and the protection of his country !'

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.
LETTER XVII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady L——.

I SHALL in this letter, agreeably to your request, and to gratify the wishes of your amiable young relative, lady Louisa, leave the course of systematical order to describe two well-known little birds—the *bulfinch* and the *greenfinch*.

THE BULFINCH.

This beautiful bird (the *loxia pyrrhula* of Linnæus) is of the size of the house-sparrow, and weighs about one ounce. The upper part of the head, the ring round the bill, and the origin of the neck, are of a fine glossy black, which extends more or less forwards or backwards, and resembling a kind of hood, has acquired it the name of *monk* or *pope*, which it has in several of the modern languages of Europe; and also that of *coally-hood*, by which it is called in Scotland. The fore-part of the neck, the breast, and the top of the belly, are of a beautiful red; the lower part of the belly is white, and the upper part of the neck, back, and shoulders, of an ash-colour. In the female the sides of the head, the fore-part of the neck, the top of the belly, and, in a word, all that is red in the male, are of a vinous ash-colour; nor has she the fine glossy changing black that occurs on the head and other parts of the male.

Nature has been very liberal to this bird; for she has not only bestowed on it a beautiful plumage, but a fine voice. Though in its natural state it has only two or three very harsh notes, it may be instructed by the art of man, and accustomed to finer, mellower, and more lengthened strains. The docile bird will listen with attention to any tune whistled or played to it, will imitate it exactly, and sometimes surpass its master; for the author of the *Ædonologie* tells us, that he knew a curious person who having whistled some airs quite plain to a bulfinch was agreeably surprised to hear the bird add such graceful turns, that the master could hardly recognise his own music, and acknowledged that the scholar excelled. It must however be confessed, that if the bulfinch have ill examples, its strains will be in like manner harsh. Hebert observes, that he saw one who had never heard any person whistle but carters, and which whistled like them, with the same strength and coarseness. This docility of the bulfinch is not confined to the male: the female will learn and whistle in the same manner; and it is even affirmed that her voice is softer and sweeter than that of the male. The hen bulfinch, it is said, is the only female among the singing birds which will learn to whistle as well as the male. The bulfinch may likewise be taught to articulate words and phrases; and utters them, says Buffon, with so tender an acccent, that we might almost suppose that it understood their meaning. It has been observed, that those bulfinches which have the finest plumage are the least capable of instruction, because they are older, and not so tractable.

The bulfinch is very susceptible of personal attachment. Some, says Buffon, have been known after escaping from the place in which they were kept, and living a whole year in the woods, to recognise the voice of their mistress, and return, to forsake her no more. Others have died of melancholy, on being removed from the first object of their attachment. These birds also have a

lasting memory of injuries, when they receive them: for Buffon relates, that a bulfinch which had been thrown to the ground in its cage by some of the rabble, though it did not appear much affected at the time, fell into convulsions ever after at the sight of any mean-looking fellow, and expired in one of these fits, eight months from the time of its first accident.

Bulfinches make their nests in bushes about five or six feet from the ground, and sometimes lower. The nest is formed of moss, lined with soft materials; and its opening is said to be the least exposed to the prevailing wind. The female lays from four to six eggs of a dirty white, and a little blueish, encircled near the large end with a zone formed by spots of two colours, some of an ill-defined violet, others of a distinct black. The young ones may be said to be instinctively benevolent, if what is related of them be true, that in a hatch of four the two elder will feed their puny brothers.

Bulfinches feed in summer on all sorts of seeds, insects, and herbs; and in the winter on juniper berries, and on the buds of different kinds of trees. In the cage, they eat hemp-seed, biscuit, prunes, sallad, &c. Olina recommends for the young ones the nightingale's paste, made with walnuts and some other ingredients.

There are some varieties of this bird; the principal of which are the *white bulfinch*, found in some of the northern parts of Germany, which has only some black feathers on the back; and the *black bulfinch*, which is almost, and in some instances entirely, of the colour from which it derives its name.

THE GREENFINCH.

This bird (the *loxia chloris* of Linnæus), d rives its name, as may be supposed, from the predominant colour of its plumage; but the tinge is not pure, as there is a grey-brown cast on the upper part of the body, and on the flanks, and a mixture of yellow on the throat and breast: the lower part of the belly is white, and the legs reddish brown. The female has more brown, and her belly is entirely white. It is about the size of the house-sparrow.

The greenfinch makes its nest in the evergreen trees, in close and branching oaks which retain their withered leaves, and sometimes in bushes. The nest is formed of dry herbs and moss, lined with hair, wool, and feathers. The female lays five or six eggs, spotted at the large end with brown-red spots on a white greenish ground.

No bird is more easily tamed than this. It will take meat from the hand five minutes after it is caught, if it be carried into a dark room, and made to hop from one hand to the other, by putting under its breast the fore-finger of each alternately. After having been exercised in this way for a short time, and having the light gradually let in upon it, it will eat bruised seed out of the hand, and continue tame ever after.

In the docility of the bulfinch Providence seems to hold out a lesson to those who are too inattentive or too indolent to learn; and in the tameness of the greenfinch to such as are too peevish, and too irascible to submit to disappointment and trouble. These lessons occur in every page of the great volume of nature, and to be able to observe and point them out is the ardent wish of your ladyship's devoted and affectionate admirer,

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p.* 529.)

CHAP. XLII.

BY a gleam of light from below, Victoria saw that underneath the base of the statue was a short flight of steps, which she hesitated not to descend, although for a moment dismayed by the piercing shrieks of Octavia and Teresa, which she distinctly heard. From the foot of the stairs she entered a path that wound up the outside of one of the castle towers, so ingeniously contrived as to preclude all possibility of persons passing along it being seen by any one in or about the castle. Up this pass Victoria now swiftly trod, her heart beating high with hope, and praying fervently to Heaven for success. At length she reached a platform of about thirty feet diameter, which terminated the tower, and upon which a Gothic spire arose. Here, upon examination, she discovered a low iron door most curiously contrived within a niche in the spire. With much difficulty, from trepidation and want of sufficient strength, she removed some iron bars which fastened it; and on opening the door she saw a flight of steps, up which she hastened, although with no other light to guide her than the feeble rays which some cracks in the building admitted. Soon she reached the termination of the stairs, and saw before her a large dark bulk, but of what nature the want of light would not permit her to distinguish; and much she had now to deplore her own precipitance, that sent her on this enterprise without a light, although aware, by example, of its necessity.

A chink in the wall, however, soon discovered to her a passage to the left; and while she hesitated whether to proceed, or return for a light, she distinctly heard a deep groan of anguish. Hesitation was now no more; rapidly she advanced along the passage, following the sound of sighs and groans, which at short intervals were repeated. After proceeding some paces, she found the stone-work of the bulk over which her right hand passed as a guide to her steps give place to an iron grating, through which the piteous sounds of distress issued.

'Speak!' cried Victoria impetuously, no longer able to restrain her feeling, 'speak, and tell me is Urbino here?'

'Who calls?' replied a female voice, in tones so feeble, that scarcely could they be distinguished.

'Ah, merciful God! this must be Matilda.'

'Who comes at last to close Matilda's eyes?' said the miserable captive.

'A friend, come to release you from prison, to restore you to liberty and to happiness,' exclaimed our now imprudent heroine.

Matilda answered not, although repeatedly called to in the sweetest tones of kindness and consolation by Victoria, who began to deplore her own precipitance more than ever, being now convinced that joy and surprise had proved too powerful for the exhausted spirits of the lovely victim of unmerited cruelty.

Accustomed in some degree to the change of light, Victoria at length, aided by a small chink in the spire, could distinguish the place she stood before was a grated door, that formed almost one side of a small prison, in one corner of which she could plainly discern a female

lying extended, without motion, upon a truss of straw. She no longer doubted Matilda's having fainted, and she felt the most painful impatience to get to her assistance; but, upon examination of the grate, she found it fastened by an immense padlock, that derided all her efforts to gain an entrance; and therefore, swift of foot as humanity and enthusiasm could waft her, she hastened away to procure every requisite aid; and, by the time she reached the base of the spire, a painful thought occurred, which, until the safety of another was involved, had never once obtruded itself—but it now struck her with dismay; for, should she not be able to develop the secret of effecting her return through the automaton, what would become of Matilda, who required immediate assistance? and what of herself, should the removal of the statue be found impossible, or at least a tedious process? But soon recovering her reliance upon Heaven, she proceeded, assured the Power who led her there would guide her back; and ere she had got half way down the tower, a tumult of voices, accompanied by loud hammering, assailed her ears; and in a moment more she was met in her path by some of the brotherhood left to guard the castle, attended by Octavia Bernini; who, direfully alarmed for Victoria's safety, had flown to the officials, and informed them where the temerity of lady Victoria had precipitated her; and, directed by Octavia, the pioneers of the inquisitorial corps soon broke down the automaton, and cleared the way to an unimpeded passage.

Octavia was almost as much overjoyed to see our heroine as Victoria felt at beholding the assistance she wanted for Matilda so near. Briefly she now related to the officials the discovery she had made; and they, having lights and forcing implements with them, instantly pressed forward; but, not being agitated like Victoria, soon distanced her, and had wrenched open a grated door before she and Bernini reached them; which they did just time enough to hear the captive found was an old man, and not a female as lady Victoria had imagined. Our heroine, in breathless agitation, rushed forward, and beheld her venerable friend Sebastian.

Almost frantic with the joy of finding, and the fear of again being deprived of him by death, Victoria earnestly implored the officials to bear him to some adjoining chamber, where immediate assistance might effect his recovery; and with great humanity he was conveyed, attended by our anxious heroine, to that very room from whence Urbino had released her from the power of Vicenza, where Sebastian was now laid upon a bed, and the overjoyed Teresa dispatched for wine and other restoratives, which one of the Dominicans recommended as likely to be of service in recovering him from that horrid stupor into which want of nourishment and a free circulation of air had evidently thrown him.

Victoria now entreated the officials to delay no longer in seeking for the female who was confined in the same spire from whence they had liberated Sebastian. Willingly they hastened to comply with her request; but ere they had mounted half way up the tower, they met some of their associates bearing the beautiful Matilda, who was still in a swoon, and whom they conveyed to a chamber approximate to that now occupied by Sebastian.

The men, when hastening to liberate the captive discovered by Victoria, had providentially turned to the right instead of the left, by which means Sebastian was so soon found; and those who remained be-

hind to seek the female whom Victoria assured them was positively there, soon found that a lobby encircled the two prisons in which Sebastian and Matilda had been confined.

Matilda, by the application of proper specifics, soon recovered from her swoon; but apprised too hastily of her effectual release from the power of Don Manuel by poor Teresa, to whom the care of Matilda had been deputed, joy had the most alarming effect upon her long-tortured mind and enfeebled frame; and the return of father Pierre was impatiently longed for, both upon her account and Sebastian's, by Victoria, who looked upon the latter to be in imminent danger.

With extreme difficulty Victoria poured a tea-spoonful of cordial wine down Sebastian's throat; and in a few moments after she, with infinite trouble, effected his swallowing another. As much air as possible she had admitted into the room; while, to restore vital warmth to his extremities, the already-mentioned Dominican ordered friction with brandy to be applied; and every method which his judgment or Victoria's anxiety could suggest, as likely to promote Sebastian's recovery, the men cheerfully performed; while Octavia, at our heroine's request, attended while some more of the inquisitorial legions minutely inspected the spire, and the avenues leading to it, with the anxious hope of discovering the prison of Urbino, who they now little doubted was, as Victoria had positively affirmed, confined in the castle, and for whose fate the situation Sebastian was just found in created the utmost pity and solicitude.

Not until Victoria had caused her patient to swallow several spoonfuls of wine, did he betray any symptom congenial to her anxious wishes; when opening his eyes they wandered vacantly, totally unconscious of every surrounding object. But even from this effort of nature our ardent heroine's fond hopes found something to rest upon; and just at this moment seignora Bernini, with one of the officials, returned in dejection to assure her, that, after the most minute scrutiny, they were all painfully convinced, from the formation of the spire, no other prison could possibly communicate with it, or any of the places round.

CHAP. XLIII.

Victoria was dreadfully disappointed; and after a pause of mournful agonising thought she addressed the official, who was in fact the very man of all the troop the easiest to be worked upon. He was a young Dominician priest of very moderate talents, pitiably ignorant, ever under the dominion of superstitious influence, and perpetually fancying that he felt divine inspiration. He possessed a feeling heart, and, notwithstanding his sacerdotal vow, still found a beautiful woman an object of interest.

'There are four towers to this castle,' said Victoria with tremulous anxiety, 'and think you, holy father, it is improbable that, upon inspection, we might find in the other three, prisons similar to those from which Providence has allowed us to emancipate these helpless captives?'

The official started. 'Providence, I am persuaded, leads you on,' he replied; 'for well I remember, in our researches here, to have observed in the south wing a chamber exactly corresponding with that you have just made this fortunate discovery in, where on the floor we found a poniard, and saw sprinkled about the trace of newly-shed blood; from which circumstances we naturally

concluded some diabolical transaction had recently been committed there.'

A thrill of direful horror shot through Victoria's agonised heart.

'Was it, could it be, the blood of Urbino?' He would not without resistance (if resistance was in his power), she well knew, suffer himself to be dragged to prison; and the blood might therefore as possibly be that of his opponents as his own. Then, with a heart throbbing with the painful extremes of anxious hope and fear, she resigned the care of Sebastian to Octavia; and, fervently invoking the auspices of Heaven, hastened with the official and several of his associates and attendants to the chamber in the south wing, before the door of which was placed a beautiful statue of Amphitrite; and upon entering the room Victoria found it quite out of repair, and much more desolate than that in the opposite point. At the upper end of this apartment stood a colossal figure of Pluto, corresponding exactly with that of Proserpine in the other chamber.

In a few moments the statue of Pluto was broken down, and beneath where it stood was discovered a flight of steps which led to a passage round the outside of the tower, similar to that so recently found out. Hastily now our heroine and her companions made their way to the platform, where, finding an open entrance into the spire, Victoria's sanguine hopes sustained a painful blow; since, were there any one above in confinement, she naturally concluded the way up would not have been left so totally unguarded. However, she proceeded with her attendants up a staircase containing more steps than the one in the north spire, and which at length terminated, leading them into a kind of gallery, in the centre of which stood a pillar about four feet in height, and six in diameter.

Within the spire they plainly saw no prison could possibly be; but the secret way leading to it, and this gallery surrounding, could not certainly have been formed without some designation: and after the most earnest investigation, and a diversity of opinions, it was believed by all, that the pillar contained a staircase leading to the tower beneath, where probably a prison was; but how to develop the means of removing the pillar was a matter of more perplexity. In vain they strove to break it down; it derided all their strength, and the ingenuity of their implements.

At length, when they were unwillingly about to relinquish the attempt, a small brass ring was discovered by Victoria concealed amid the deep carvings of the pillar; when upon raising it, to learn if possible what it could lead to, the sound of an iron chain falling gradually was distinguished; and they, conjecturing the cause and effect, tried again, and with ease now removed the cornice of the column; when to their utter dismay aud amazement they beheld not a staircase as they expected, but the mouth, as it seemed, of a draw-well. Suspended to a chain of apparently a prodigious length was a piece of machinery, containing an iron arm-chair, with a body chain and handcuffs fastened to it; and on each side of this chair was fixed a kind of bucket, evidently meant to carry the barbarous ruffians employed to precipitate the helpless victim of cruelty into some dreadful fate below.

All shuddered, but all were silent; since the conjectures of what this shocking preparation led to were almost too horrible to reveal.

Victoria, tortured by the most soul-harrowing apprehensions, at length

mournfully and tremulously demanded if the official would not proceed.

'Proceed!' exclaimed he, recoiling. 'Most assuredly not. None but a company of maniacs, ignorant as we are of what this terrible machinery may lead to, would venture into it.'

'Merciful Heaven!' cried Victoria, in an agony of grief and disappointment; 'and will no one proceed in the path of humanity because its termination is uncertain?'

'No: we will not venture,' was firmly re-iterated by all. Victoria burst into a convulsive passion of tears; and as she despairingly hung over this terrific cylinder she espied a piece of white rag, hitched in among the machinery of the chair; and as every thing about this place was now of consequence to her, she eagerly caught up the rag; when, oh! reader, conceive, for we cannot pourtray, the tumult it awakened in her agitated mind! for, on beholding the initials of her own name, she recognised it to be a fragment of the identical handkerchief she had bound round Thomas's wound, and which Urbino had afterwards taken into his own possession.

Proof strong as holy writ was this that Urbino had been precipitated down this tube of destruction; and now almost frantically she implored some of the brotherhood to descend in search of him; but to no purpose. All remained inflexible to her eloquent entreaties, her heart-rending grief, the claims of humanity, or the immense rewards she offered.

'Alas! my daughter,' said the official, almost affected to tears, 'your entreaties are, must be, vain; since no being upon earth, I am persuaded, can be found possessed of sufficient temerity to venture down.'

'Yes, one!' she cried with firmness: yes, one; and that being am I.'

'You!' exclaimed the official: 'you! Insanity! No never, never shall you be permitted so rashly to precipitate yourself into destruction, into the den of devouring beasts of prey, into the mouth of some horrid monster of the deep, into some dreadful gulf or whirlpool! I shudder, I tremble, I cannot longer think upon the horrors you have inspired, or allow you, my daughter, to contemplate further this dreadful vortex of perdition!'

'What are these buckets meant for?' replied Victoria calmly. 'Think you, holy father, the ruffians, whom they evidently were formed to convey down, would go where inevitable destruction awaited them?'

'Certainly not,' the priest replied: 'but they knew whither they were going, and went no further than safety would permit; and, aware of the dangers that lay before them, they were prepared to shun them: while you, my daughter, ignorant as you are of all below, might rush at once into destruction! No, you shall not go: the castle will ere long be rased, and in time we shall, by that means, learn to what this leads.'

'In time!' repeated Victoria: 'yes, when too late to save Urbino! Remember the state we have found that venerable man reduced to. Delay is dangerous, is criminal; and if you oppose my descent, my immediate descent, the blood of Urbino be on your head!' She raised her hands and eyes to heaven, and sinking upon her knees emphatically said: 'Oh! just and mighty Creator of the Universe! if by this man I am prevented from seeking my husband to give him instant assistance, forgive his enemies, and to this man's obduracy place his murder!'

The official shuddered. 'I will not prevent your going, my daughter; I will only strongly advise you against such rashness.'

'Advise me,' she replied, 'to stay and expire by tortures more excruciating than any I can meet with in the performance of my duty!'

The official gazed upon her, until the augmenting resolution that marked her manner, the fire of enthusiasm which illumed her eyes, he felt persuaded were inspired by some supernatural influence, and that it would be criminal in him longer to oppose what seemed almost the will of Heaven. 'Well, go, my daughter,' he at length said: 'but your rashness and obstinacy be upon your own head.'

'Heaven's care will be with me, and with you too, holy father, if you assist me in saving the life of Urbino.'

The official turned pale as death. 'What do you expect of me?' said he in alarm.

'Give me your solemn promise to remain here, carefully to watch the agitation of the chain, to learn from that, if I am permitted to return, when it is my wish to be elevated. Only until the return of my friends from Cadaques do I mean your promise to extend; for, when they are informed of where I am, I doubt not of their proving attentive sentinels.'

'Solemnly I promise, as I hope to find favour in the sight of my Redeemer, never to quit my attentive guard here while a hope exists of your return. Yet let me entreat, implore you to delay this terrible enterprise until your friends return from Cadaques;' and the tears now rolled down the official's cheeks.

Victoria, apprehensive of being prevented, and painfully aware of the fatal consequences of delay, would not attend to this man's advice or wishes, but requested the soldiers to supply her immediately with a torch, a lantern, and some kind of cordial likely to be serviceable to Urbino should she find him still living. Instantly her request was complied with; and making a convenient disposition of those things, she, after devoutly on her kness imploring the protection of Heaven, placed herself in the iron chair, and with a firm voice gave orders for lowering it.

The official and three other priests present now sunk upon their knees and prayed fervently aloud for her success and preservation, while the laymen slowly and sorrowfully unrolled the chain that was, as they feared, to precipitate this young and beautiful creature into inevitable destruction. The moment was awful: pity, dismay, and anxiety, were strongly pourtrayed on every countenance except Victoria's, where faith, hope, and charity beamed celestially, as she raised her beautiful hands and eyes in pious supplications to Mercy's throne. At length she was lost to view: the priests chanted in solemn sadness a farewell benediction. The chain creaked direfully its harsh responses. The lessening voice of Victoria was heard giving melody to the choir. The soldiers, subdued, would have precipitately drawn her up again, had not the official, still believing in the supernatural influence, and bound by his solemn promise to her wishes, exerted his authority, which now only could enforce from the men obedience.

Slowly Victoria descended more than fifty fathoms, her mind in a state of hope and fear, of courage and apprehension blended, that may possibly be imagined, yet cannot be described; but enveloped in the shield of true piety she was enabled to sustain the conflict.

The chain at length was all unrolled, and Victoria found herself about six feet below the tube, in a long and narrow cavern, through which an inlet of the sea murmured mournfully, dashing in awful solem-

nity its waves against the projection of the rocks on each side in its slow undulation. The machinery in which she sat hung over a flat piece of rock, raised scarcely two inches above the surface of the water, which seemed unfathomable, from the black mass of shadow that fell upon it. To her right she beheld a path: she hesitated not to quit her seat; and taking her torch in her left hand, to leave her right at liberty to assist her on her way, she proceeded along the path, rugged and dangerous from the bed of rock over which it wound, and its being wet and slippery from the spray and the returning waves, that after every retreat seemed to rise with an intention of overwhelming the path, which it sometimes washed over. Our heroine stopped for a moment to observe the movement of the water, and, perceiving it to be a retiring tide, went on without apprehension; and, as she proceeded, rose with the path sufficiently above the stream to escape all annoyance from it.

At length, with a palpitating heart, she reached the termination of this rugged and fatiguing defile, where she discovered a low iron-door, secured on the side next to her with several massy bars and chains. Rapidly Victoria advanced to the door: trembling expectation, with agonising fears and hopes, that almost by their tumult rent her throbbing heart, now led her on to phrensied agitation. The energies of her mind lent her strength, and by the vehemence of her ardent exertions she was enabled to remove the ponderous barriers. Almost frantically she pushed in the door, her mind in that state of commotion which precluded all possibility of forming expectations. Intuitively she rushed through the door, when horror first seemed to animate perception: suddenly she shrunk back, she paused, she trembled, she rested against the door-case, and her eyes rolled wildly and wistfully around as if in search of some expected horror. In a moment more reason re-assumed her influence, and Victoria saw that she was at the entrance of a miserable dungeon, the noxious damp of which had considerably diminished the brightness of her torch.

Eagerly she now gazed around, and could just distinguish in one corner of this direful place a human figure extended upon a truss of straw. Victoria's senses sickened, but she rushed forward to the wretched bed. The person was clad in the habit of a monk; he lay motionless as death, and one arm was thrown across his face, totally concealing it. Wildly she grasped the hand that lay extended by his side, to feel if a corse deluded her tortured hope, when the scorching heat of malignant fever met her touch: almost shrieking with apprehension she pushed the arm away that obscured the face, and emphatically exclaiming 'My Urbino! my life! my husband!' fell senseless by his side.

CHAP. XLIV.

For about twenty minutes Victoria continued in a state of total insensibility; and many more elapsed before she was sufficiently recovered to perceive that in her fall she had extinguished the torch; and the horrid ideas this darkness inspired roused at once her senses to their fullest vigour. Hastily she searched out the torch, and opened her lantern to re-light it; when, between her own agitated haste, and the damp air admitted now more forcibly in, the candle also was extinguished, and she left in complete darkness, cut off from every succour, from every hope, but that of expiring by Urbino's side.

Dreadful, most dreadful, were now

the sensations that agonised Victoria's mind for the fate of Urbino, who was evidently at the last extremity, and by immediate assistance only could a hope be cherished of saving him from speedy death; and that assistance she had, by her own precipitance, fatally cut off. Her not returning would, of course, realise all the horrid ideas conceived of that terrible place, and effectually prevent the humanity of others from leading them after her; and without a light to guide her she could possibly have no hope of gaining the tube. But after a dreadful pause of deliberation she resolved to attempt it; and should she in her wanderings meet a watery grave, it would be in pursuit of succour for Urbino, who had braved all the horrors of a similar fate for her.

With some difficulty, from the excessive trepidation her dreadful situation inspired, she found out the door; and as she was about to pass through it, the sad idea that she was in all probability going from Urbino for ever arrested her steps. She returned; she searched out his wretched pallet—she sunk on her knees beside it—she grasped his parched hand, which gently returned her pressure.

'My God! he still retains his senses! He knows me!' she exclaimed; and bursting into tears, and imprinting a farewell kiss upon his burning hand, she precipitately arose—'Adieu, my Urbino!' she continued, 'I go in pursuit of succour for you. But, if I fail, we soon shall meet in a better world.' Then again finding the door, she passed through it in a state of agonising solicitude scarcely to be conceived; and as she breathed a fervant supplication to Heaven for aid, a faint gleam of light shot across the water.

The transition from despair to that cheering hope this ray of light beamed with proved almost too much for her agitated mind to bear. Again the light gleamed; again it vanished; and Victoria saw that it had proceeded from beyond the dungeon, and not in the direction which those would come whose humanity might lead in pursuit of her. Again the light appeared much brighter and nearer than before, and, continuing in view, seemed advancing. Dreadfully agitated now by a thousand vague conjectures of alarm, Victoria hastened round a projection of rock where the dungeon door was situated, to learn if possible what this light could portend; when, to her utter dismay, she beheld slowly and cautiously advancing, along a path among the rocks, a man of dark and diabolical appearance: his form resembled Garcias, and Victoria shook with terror.

Fear and uncertainty fixed Victoria to the spot; and in a moment more she saw another ruffian slowly pursuing the steps of the first. Direful were now her apprehensions. Suddenly the men stopped, and entered into earnest conference. The man whose figure most alarmed our heroine drew a poniard from his bosom; and by the gesticulations of both, while they spoke in cautious whispers, she doubted not the theme of their discourse was most horrible, and her anticipating heart told her it was no less than the murder of Urbino. The men again began to move; the torch he bore gleamed full upon the face of the foremost; she saw that it was indeed Garcias, and her dismayed senses sickened with hopeless horror. More quickly they now advanced, and were only within a few paces of her, when, in wildest consternation, she retreated to the dungeon, resolving, since she too was clad in the habit of a monk, to throw herself over Urbino, to pass for him, and so to receive the death-blow, from Garcias, in his stead.

Before her trepidation could allow her to put this design in execution, Garcias and his companion reached the door; but, upon seeing it open, they started, stopped, and pondered for a moment: then, with a tremendous oath, Garcias broke the dreadful silence, declaring 'the inquisition had discovered that prison, and cheated them of their victim.'

'No,' said his associate, in the voice of the vile Polydore, for it was indeed Vicenza—'no; yonder he lies motionless. I fancy death has anticipated us here, and spoiled our sport.'

'That we shall soon see,' returned Garcias, entering; 'but be it as it may, he shall have this poniard in his d—d heart, for fear of accidents.'

A deep groan from Urbino announced his existence; and a diabolical grin of sanguinary joy gleamed on the ruthless countenance of Garcias, as he rapidly advanced towards the pallet; when, just as he reached it, Victoria glided between him and his devoted victim. Her cowl had fallen back in her distraction; the torch beamed full upon her face, which was pale and ghastly as the horrors of her mind could make it: and the moment Garcias beheld her, the poniard fell from his uplifted hand, and uttering a loud cry of dismay he precipitately retreated in visible horror and consternation, while his amazed companion closely pursued his faltering steps.

Wondering what all this could mean, and almost doubting the evidence of her senses, Victoria gained the door, and there she waited in direful expectation of a dreadful solution. At length the reflexion of the retreating torch was lost to her view, and total darkness again reigned. She shuddered, she trembled, she feared now to leave Urbino: all, all was cheerless despair. Insensibly she sunk upon her knees to pray for succour; when she suddenly beheld another gleam of light emanating along the path she had trod from the tube. A moment scarcely elapsed when she heard her own name repeated in a tone of agonised solicitude. The voice awakened a tumult in her mind of joyful sensations mingled with doubt and amazement. The light rapidly advanced; again she heard the voice. Its second sound was conviction. Victoria started from her knees: she attempted to move forward, but her excessive agitation impeded her intention; she sunk against the rocks. In an instant more the arms of her brother encircled her, and the violence of her emotions threw over her faculties a momentary suspension.

The soothing voice, the fond endearments of Alphonso, in the moment of her recovery, softened the conflict into tenderness. Tears relieved her throbbing heart, and every wandering thought returned to Urbino. She saw conte Ariosto had not come alone to her, and in his companions she beheld the venerable Alberti and the faithful Diego. She reached out her hands in gratitude and kindness to them. She had not power to speak, but, looking expressively at Diego, pointed to the dungeon.

Understanding her wish, Diego hurried into the prison of Urbino; and, on approaching the miserable bed, he started in amazement, and uttering an exclamation of joy and astonishment, sunk upon his knees, and, throwing down his torch, clasped Urbino in his arms in all the phrensied energy the sensations of his feeling heart inspired, on recognising in the wretched prisoner the youth he had been so firmly attached to—Theodore, the interesting child of old Teresa's affection, whom he had so long believed numbered with the dead, and whom in the disguise

of Hippolyto, though so much with him, he never once suspected was him whom he ceased not to lament. Victoria instantly comprehending all that the emotions and exclamations of Diego proclaimed, broke from the supporting arms of her brother, and was in an instant by Diego's side.

'This then is Theodore, whom you so firmly loved!' said she: 'and will you not then hasten, Diego, to snatch him from death?'

Diego started to his feet, and, looking mournfully upon our heroine as he spoke, said in an accent of deep despair, 'Snatch him from death! Ah! lady Victoria, is that in my power? The villains, the fiends, the monsters of iniquity, placed him here to perish; and we have, alas! only arrived to close his eyes!'

Victoria, in speechless agony, flung herself into the arms of her brother; who had, with Alberti, followed her into the dank cell.

'For the sake of Heaven, my beloved, my darling sister,' said Alphonso tenderly, 'moderate this excess of grief, and we will make every exertion that affection and humanity can inspire to save him.'

The reverend Alberti now approached the bed, and, having taken the hand of Theodore, spoke comfort to the anguish of Victoria.

'This is not the pulse of death,' he said, 'although he certainly labours under the influence of a severe indisposition. But despair not, my child; since the assistance he has been by cruelty deprived of, may now, with the permission of Providence, restore him to health: and we ought to make no delay in conveying him to where he may instantly receive the necessary aid, since every fleeting moment must, in his case, be of importance.'

Immediately was the opinion of Alberti attended to. Gently was Urbino raised from the truss of straw (which but for the heroism of Victoria, and the singular interposition of Providence, would have been his bed of death), and tenderly conte Ariosto and Diego carried him to the tube, preceded by Alberti and Victoria bearing torches.

As the machinery could only contain three persons at a time, it was determined that our heroine and Alberti should give place to Alphonso and Diego, who could better support the helpless Urbino in his ascent. But while they were placing the poor invalid securely in the chair, he had clasped one of Victoria's hands fast within his; and when she found it necessary to disengage herself from his grasp, he appeared so unwilling to resign her hand, that, with a supplicating look to her attentive brother, she pleaded for not being separated from Urbino.

'Fear not, my Victoria,' said the affectionate Alphonso; 'you shall not be divided. I will resign my place to you; although I fear you can give but little assistance to this humane stranger in supporting your feeble charge.'

'The strength which nature has denied me, affection will supply me with,' replied Victoria, as she took her place in the machinery: 'and my brother, who followed me to this place of supposed destruction, knows full well the mighty powers of affection.'

The agitation of the suspended chain having announced to those above that they were wished to elevate the machinery, Victoria found herself returning safe and unhurt from a place where Providence alone could have inspired her with sufficient courage to go; her mind, however, not less agitated than it was in her descent, although very different were now the causes which actuated her emotions.

At length they safely reached the

summit of the almost immeasurable tube; and the moment our heroine was beheld by the interested spectators, the most tumultuous shouts of joy were reiterated by all, which at almost any other period would have sensibly affected the feeling heart of Victoria: but now her agitated mind was absorpt by one idea only; and looking eagerly around for father Pierre, who was watching there in painful solicitude, 'O save Urbino, holy father!' she exclaimed, and instantly fell, in a state of total insensibility, into the arms of Octavia; who had been led, by fear and anxiety, from the bed-side of Sebastian to that spot of painful expectation.

CHAP. XLV.

So severe had been the fatigues and so dreadful the conflicts Victoria's frame and mind had experienced, that, the moment the great work she had undertaken was accomplished, she sunk subdued into a bed of sickness, from whence she was unable to arise for many days—and not until the painful anxiety of her mind had been tranquillised by the solemn assurances of father Pierre, that he entertained not the smallest doubt of the perfect and rapid recovery of Urbino.

At the time Roselia's letter from the chateau of comte de Montfort to conte Ariosto reached Andalusia, Alphonso was gone, accompanied by the anxious Alberti, upon the before-mentioned expedition against Great Britain. The expedition failed in its success, and the Spanish troops returned to Cadiz, where Roselia's letter awaited conte Ariosto; who, obtaining leave of absence, instantly set out for France, and arrived at St. Marguerite's in a few days after our heroine's departure upon her arduous enterprise.

From the afflicted abbess Alphonso learned all that had befallen his beloved sister during her residence in Provence, with every necessary information relative to her present expedition into Spain, whither he immediately followed her, with his constant attendant Alberti, carrying with him a letter of introduction from the prior of St. Lewis to the sub-vicar of the holy office at Cadaques. He arrived at the holy office just as the last-mentioned convention was assembled, where he learned from father Pierre particular intelligence of his sister; and accompanied the inquisitors on their return to the castle, which was much earlier than had been expected, and where they found every individual in the utmost consternation and dismay. The long absence of Victoria had converted every horrid apprehension into reality in the minds of all; and, on the arrival of her anxious friends at the castle, both facts and fears were eagerly communicated.

In all the mental anguish his strong affection for his sister could inspire, Alphonso followed his guides to the south tower. The moment he beheld the dreadful tube, his senses sickened. He burst into tears; and, seizing a lighted torch, which the faithful official held over the cylinder, to watch in anxious hope for the agitation of the chain, vaulted instantly into the iron chair; and, without the power of speaking, motioned to the by-standers to unroll the chain.

'Oh, take me with you, my son!' exclaimed the venerable Alberti, snatching a pistol from one of the soldiers' belts: 'you are the prop of my life—with you will I perish; for without you I cannot exist!'

Alberti was now assisted into the horrid machinery; for vain were the entreaties of Alphonso to him not to accompany him. The old man was

firm to his purpose; and Alphonso, although as valiant a warrior as ever earned a laurel, was so sensibly affected, that he sobbed aloud upon the neck of his venerable and beloved friend.

The chain was now slowly unrolling, when Diego (who had just entered the castle, and learned whither the temerity of Victoria had led her) suddenly arrested its progress.

'Conte Ariosto,' he cried, 'you are the last of an illustrious house; your life is of consequence, mine of none, but as it may prove useful to your family: give up then this dreadful enterprise, and let me only descend to seek my dear, my amiable young lady. Believe me, I have courage and attachment sufficient to undertake it; and if there is either fidelity or truth in man, I will restore lady Victoria to you, or perish in the attempt.'

'You have my most lively gratitude, generous man,' said Alphonso; 'but it is my duty to seek my beloved sister; and no power on earth shall prevent my doing so, whilst life and liberty are spared to me.'

'It is my duty then to attend you, and to spill my last blood in the service of your family,' returned Diego, as he leaped into the vacant bucket.

'As I know you not, nor the ties which bind you to my family, I cannot argue upon your duties,' replied conte Ariosto; 'but I entreat you give up this generous intention. Two, with the aid of Heaven, will be sufficient to rescue my sister; or, if we are doomed to fail in the attempt, two will surely be sufficient to perish.'

'I will not survive the house of Ariosto,' said Diego in a tone of firmness that convinced Alphonso further parley would be vain: and now provided by the officials with another torch, and sufficient arms and ammunition, they descended, attended by the prayers and good wishes of all who witnessed their enterprise; which terminated as we have already informed our reader.

In about an hour after Victoria had been consigned by indisposition to her bed, seignora Farinelli and Roselia were safely conducted by Thomas to the castle, where now were assembled so many individuals tenderly attached to our invalids, that our compassionate readers can little doubt that every possible care was taken of them which affection could inspire.

Sebastian was found to be in far the most critical situation of any of father Pierre's patients: for although his senses and powers of articulation were soon restored, he had been so dreadfully reduced by famine, sorrow, and solicitude, that exhausted nature could scarcely sustain the conflict; and it required all the aid which skill could derive from medicine, all the care that tenderness could give, to feed the feeble embers of receding life, and fan them gently to reanimation: but the attention and solicitude of his friends were rewarded by his recovery; which, although very slow in its advances, was at length perfect.

The fever which the anguish of his mind and want of proper nutriment had thrown Urbino into, had passed its direful crisis; its virulence was gently abating, and his perception gradually returning, when Providence (through the medium of affection) led Victoria into his dreadful prison; so that when he was removed into purer air, when proper restoratives were administered, and every tender care bestowed upon him, aided by a certainty of being in the hands of his friends, with the still more salutary, though yet confused,

perception of his adored Victoria having taken a tender and active part in his preservation, he was soon enabled to throw off every trace of the disease, except an extreme weakness and lassitude, which not even the efforts of a strong and unimpaired constitution could enable him to conquer sufficiently to admit of his leaving his bed for many days after his fever had totally subsided; and during this confinement, Diego, at his earnest entreaty, gave him, as regularly as his medicines, every hour, a full and circumstantial detail of all Diego knew of Victoria's encountering for his preservation.

At first Diego was compelled to convey his intelligence with great caution, as he found his communications too sensibly affected his hearer: but by degrees Urbino could hear all; would dwell with the most enraptured delight upon every incident, on every word and action, which were faithfully recounted to him: but never could a sentence upon the subject be repeated to him without his evincing the most violent emotions of gratitude; and although Diego's information would for a time destroy that state of tranquillity which Pierre considered so essential to his recovery, it proved fortunately more efficacious than the good monk's medicines, by restoring to his long-tortured breast those hopes of happiness which the conduct of Victoria in their parting interview at St. Marguerite's had dissipated.

During Urbino's confinement conte Ariosto introduced himself to his acquaintance, and soon won his sincere regard. Of nearly the same age, with a marked similitude of manners and dispositions—equally versed in knowledge, and both indebted to nature for uncommon intellectual powers, and hearts that contained every virtue, they found a kind of congenial sympathy impel their affections to mingle quickly, and to cement into the strongest bonds of friendship; and perhaps the tender attachment each was known to feel for Victoria aided not a little in promoting their mutual regard. Soon their fast-growing friendship banished all reserve from their conversation. Theodore talked of Victoria, his hopes and wishes; Alphonso spoke of his sister, as the affianced wife of his friend; and often mentioned the plans he proposed for having their nuptials solemnised at the castle of Palino, with all the proper forms and splendor their rank in life demanded, as soon as they were all able to reach Tuscany. It was during one of these interesting conversations upon arranging the plan of this intended union that Diego one day entered, and, as he delivered a billet to Urbino, said—

'From donna Matilda, my lord, who wishes to know when you can allow her the happiness of seeing you?'

'Tell her,' Urbino replied, 'the very moment I am able to leave my chamber; for so great is my anxiety to see her, that my first visit shall be to her.'

As Theodore finished this message, which he gave with marked emotion, he caught the wondering glances of Alphonso and Diego, and a deep blush instantly overspread his before pallid countenance.

Conte Ariosto was startled, felt uneasy at he scarcely knew what, and retired to a window to conceal his almost undefinable sensations: but soon recovering his composure, he turned suddenly round; he beheld Urbino, visibly affected, perusing the billet; he heard him heave deep sighs; he saw him brush away a trickling tear; and when he ceased reading, he seemed so melancholy, so thoughtful, so abstracted, that Alphonso could no longer restrain

his painful curiosity, but, availing himself of the privileges of friendship, asked Urbino, if donna Matilda was nearly related to him? 'Related! Oh, God!' exclaimed Urbino, while his colour changed from crimson to the pale hue of death, and an expression partaking of horror and anguish became visible upon his intelligent countenance; but after a few moments of painful struggling to suppress his feelings, he proceeded in a faultering and grief-directed voice—

'Forgive, conte Ariosto, I entreat you, my not being now as explicit as friendship and my situation with your family so forcibly demand. From my earliest days I have seemed the child of mystery; and now when circumstances should call forth all the candor, all the ingenuousness of confidence and honour, cruel, cruel Mystery claims me more immediately for her own. Bound by the guardian of my youth, the preserver of my life, to secresy and silence upon many essential subjects relative to myself, until he should judge proper to withdraw his ambiguous interdict, I have never yet appeared to lady Victoria as that ingenuous character which I may say nature made me. I fondly thought, for I had been led to believe it, when last I saw my Victo . . .—— your sister, that the moment was at hand when I might emerge from my mysterious character, and present myself before her as a being not unworthy of her esteem. But, alas! alas! my schemes of happiness are blighted. No more must I presume to look where my only hope of earthly happiness is centred; for that mysterious man, of whom I spoke, alas! is gone I know not whither—fled, I fear, with the wretches who inhabited this castle. With him I have lost every clue to myself; still am I bound in the dreadful chains of his mystery, and torn from every hope of bliss that life ever promised me.'

Fathers Pierre and Anselmo now entered the chamber, and Alphonso availed himself of this opportunity of retiring to meditate upon all he just remarked and heard. With every disposition to be pleased with Urbino, with the most exalted opinion of his probity and honour, conte Ariosto was sensibly hurt at finding any thing in him that could awaken the shadow even of a suspicion to his disadvantage; but tremblingly alive to the honour, the delicacy of his sister, he felt uneasy, offended, mortified, nay almost jealous for her.

That Matilda's billet had worked a total revolution in Urbino's mind relative to his union with Victoria was too evident to be doubted, and how to account for her possessing such influence over his apparently amiable friend was a matter of much distress and perplexity to Alphonso, who wandered about the grounds, reflecting, reasoning, and reconsidering every circumstance, until in each point of view in which he could place Urbino's past conduct to Victoria he saw him so every way honourable, that he became convinced suspicion of his integrity was injustice, and he at length determined upon taking the earliest opportunity of speaking candidly to him upon the subject; and having thus resolved, he turned his steps to the chamber of his sister, where Matilda, the object who had so much chagrined him, was paying her first visit to our heroine.

Matilda no sooner found herself rescued from the power and persecutions of don Manuel, and assured of the perfect safety of Theodore and Sebastian, than her recovery from indisposition became rapid; and the moment she was able to undertake

it, her gratitude led her to request permission to wait upon Victoria, who was still confined to her chamber, slow in her recovery: for her disease was mental, and nothing had been done to remove the barbed arrow which had destroyed her peace. From the moment the preservation of Urbino was effected, her mind, having no longer action to engage it and stimulate its energies, settled upon one hopeless subject. The fatigue and indisposition which had at first confined her to her bed were quite subsided; but still low and languid, she was unable to leave her chamber, and only obtained rest by powerful opiates which father Pierre found necessary to administer. The visit of Matilda was dreaded by her, but urbanity forbad her declining to receive it.

To our heroine's chamber, then, was Matilda conducted by Octavia; and in her Victoria beheld, as she expected, the female who had been dragged by ruffians into her chamber—but now appearing infinitely more beautiful than she had seemed upon that memorable night, for now the sweetest expression of sensibility had taken place of those which terror and despair had strongly delineated. Victoria, supported by the sympathising Ursuline, received Matilda; who, the moment she saw our heroine, rushed forward, and, catching her in her arms, burst into a violent passion of tears, sobbed convulsively upon her bosom, pressed her hands to her lips, her heart, and acted a thousand extravagances of enthusiasm before she could articulate a broken and almost unintelligible acknowledgment of her obligations to her.

Seignora Farinelli, fearing the effect such an excess of unrestrained sensibility might have upon both Matilda and Victoria, called the former to order, with a degree of mild dignity that at once insured obedience. Matilda took a seat: but, upon observing the wan and languid countenance of Victoria, she dissolved into a new flood of tears, and looking with the most tender expression upon her, sobbed out lamentations for the sad state humanity had reduced her to.

'I see, I see,' she said, 'you were infinitely too delicate to undergo all your compassionate heart led you through to save us from destruction. For the good Sebastian's preservation and my own I think I shall be able presently to thank you as I ought; but for Theodore's—oh! I can never, no, never, speak rationally, since for his welfare I would freely yield my life; since his safety and happiness are dearer, infinitely dearer to me than my own existence.'

The attentive Ursuline saw Victoria's lip quiver; paler she could not become; but her bosom heaved convulsively; and Farinelli determined to check a warmth and impetuosity likely to inflict tortures upon the wounded heart of her beloved pupil.

'Donna Matilda,' she said, 'our amiable heroine is, as you know, but just recovering from a severe indisposition; and the scenes she has lately been engaged in have shattered her nerves most dreadfully. You cannot doubt her sensibility, and will not wonder that I should fear your excess of feeling may too much affect her in this her delicate state, or that I should earnestly entreat a total silence at present upon subjects too oppressive to you both.'

Matilda bowed acquiescence, while her eloquent eyes most plainly told she knew not that self-command which could enable her to talk upon one subject while her heart was filled with another. A painful pause for a moment ensued; but

seignora Bernini promptly relieved the embarrassment of all by breaking the awkward silence, and eloquently descanted upon nothings, until Victoria and Matilda regained their composure sufficiently to bear a part in conversation; when, in despite of the agonising reflexions the presence of Matilda awakened in the heart of our heroine, she found something like fascination leading her insensibly to be pleased with her—although she saw, or fancied she saw, a fire and impetuosity in Matilda's language and manner not perfectly congenial to a mind so truly feminine as her own.

Conte Ariosto, fearing to agitate the now susceptible nerves of his sister, ever entered her chamber with much caution and gentleness: and now the little party assembled were so engaged by conversation and painful reflexion, that his entrance was unperceived until he stood before them; when Victoria hastened to announce him to donna Matilda, on whom he looked with marked coldness and aversion—her unexpected appearance restoring to his mind every unpleasant reflexion he had been anxious to dismiss. Our heroine saw in Alphonso's manner something so unusual, that she felt alarm, and hastily demanded if conte Urbino was worse.

'Oh, no,' Alphonso replied; 'I left him wonderfully well, and in high spirits too, for we have been arranging every thing for the speedy ratification of your union.'—The last sentence he pronounced with striking emphasis, and with his fine and penetrating eyes keenly fixed upon Matilda, whose countenance he instantly saw rapidly undergo a variety of changes: he beheld in her trembling frame the most painful agitation, and in a moment more her senses fled, and her respiration quite was gone.

Victoria threw herself upon the bosom of her beloved Farinelli and wept, since the cause of Matilda's fainting was too apparent to be doubted; and every former sad conviction was now more painfully impressed upon her bursting heart.

Every thing was done for the recovery of Matilda, who, the moment she could articulate, expressed an eager wish to return to her own chamber. In visible confusion she bade Victoria adieu, and was supported by Octavia and Roselia to her own apartment.

(To be continued.)

DIRECTIONS *for forming an* AUTUMNAL *or* WINTER GARDEN.

(Continued from p. 535.)

7.

Autumnal flowering Perennial Herbaceous Plants.

I. Aster, or Starwort. Aster.

No. 954. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy. Perennials, Natives of North America.

1. Bushy white-flowered	1725.	dumosus
2. Heath-leaved	1758.	Ericoides
3. Leafy	1732.	foliosus
4. Many-flowered	1732.	multiflorus

5. Marsh Carolina - - - - - - 1784. paludosus
September to October.
6. Zigzag - - - - - - - - - 1798. flexuosus
7. Slender-stalked - - - - - - 1798. junceus
8. Long-leaved - - - - - - - 1798. longifolius
9. Great-flowered - - - - - - 1720. grandiflorus
10. Pendulous - - - - - - - - 1758. pendulus
11. Willow-leaved - - - - - - 1760. salicifolius
12. Late-flowered - - - - - - 1775. tardiflorus
13. Trandescants, or Michaelmas daisy 1656. Tradescanti
October to November.

There are several more which flower in August and September, and in mild Autumns continue till the end of October.

II. Chrysanthemum. Chrysanthemum.
No. 966. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.
1. Double-flowered purple Indian chrysanthemum - - indicum
September to November China. 1790.

III. Golden Rod. Solidago.
No. 955. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.
1. Golden rod - - - - - - - - Virga aurea.
August to October. Native.

IV. Hollyhock. Alcea.
No. 840. Class 16. one brotherhood. Order 7. many males.
1. Hollyhock (various colours) - - rosea
July to September. China. 1597.
2. Painted-lady Chinese hollyhock - chinensis
July to September. China.

V. Pansie, or Hearts-ease. Viola.
No. 1007. Class —. confederate males. Order 6. monogamy.
1. Great-flowered pansie - - - - tricolor
With several more varieties.
April to October. Native.

VI. Pink and Carnation. Dianthus.
No. 565. Class 10. ten males. Order 2. two females.
1. Pink - - - - - - - - - - deltoides
2. Carnation - - - - - - - - Caryophyllus
July to November. Natives.
Many varieties of various colours.

VII. Polyanthus. Primula.
No. 197. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.
1. Polyanthuses, many varieties - - Polyanthus
April to December. Natives.

VIII. Stock July-flower, and Wall-flower. Cheiranthus.
No. 815. Class 15. four powers, siliqued.
1. Brompton stock July-flower - - incanus
June to November. South of Europe. 1597.

IX. Strawberry. Fragaria.

No. 633. Class 12. twenty males. Order 5. many females.

1. Alpine strawberry
June to December. The Alps. About —
2. Silver-striped Virginian - - - virginica varieg.
3. Gold-striped-leaved strawberry - aureo-variegata
These two are planted on account of their variegated leaves.

X. Sunflower. Helianthus.

No. 979. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.

1. Perennial double-flowered sunflower - multiflorus plenus
August to October. North-America. 1699.

8.

Autumnal-flowering Annuals.

I. Aster, or Starwort. Aster.

No. 954. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.

1. Chinese asters - - - - - - - chinensis
2. Single and double of various colours.
July to November. China. 1731.

II. Candy-tuft. Iberis.

No. 804. Cl. 15. four powers, with silicles.

4. Candy-tuft, four varieties - - - amara
June to November. Crete. 1739.

III. Chrysanthemum. Chrysanthemum.

No. 966. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.

1. Chrysanthem - - - - - - - coronarium
July to October. Crete. 1629.

IV. Corn-flower, or Bottle-flower. Centaurea.

No. 984. Class 19. confederate males. Order 3. frustraneous polygamy.
Natives.

1. Corn-flower, various colours - - Cyanus

V. Larkspur. Delphinium.

No. 681. Class 13. many males. Order 2. two females.

1. Larkspurs, various colours, branching - Consolida
June to November. Native.
2. Rocket larkspur - - - - - - - 1. Ajacis
3. Dwarf rocket, various colours - - 2. —— nanum
June to November. Switzerland. 1596.

VI. Mignonette, or Reseda. Reseda.

No. 608. Class 11. twelve males. Order 7. three females.

1. Mignonette, or sweet-scented reseda - odorata
June to October. Ægypt. 1752.

VII. Nasturtium. Tropæolum.
No. 466. Class 8. eight males. Order 1. one female.
2. Nasturtium, dwarf and tall - - minus, manjus
June to October. Peru. 1596, and 1686.

VIII. Sunflower. Helianthus.
No. 979. Class 19. confederate males. Order 6. monogamy.
June to October. Mexico. 1596.
1. Annual - - - - - - - - - - annuus
2. Dwarf - - - - - - - - - - indicus
June to October. East Indies. 1785.

IX. Sweet Pea. Lathyrus.
No. 872. Class 17. two brotherhoods. Order 4. ten males.
1. Sweet peas, various colours - - odoratus
June to November. Sicily. 1700.

X. Virginian Dwarf Stock. Dianthus.
No. 565. Class 15. four powers, siliqued.
1. Purple Virginian dwarf stock
June to November. Virginia.
2. White

To have all these flower in Autumn (except the Asters, Chrysanthemums, and Nasturtiums), you must sow some seed in June and July.

9.

Early Spring-flowering Herbaceous Plants.

I. Alysson. Alyssum.
No. 805. Class 15. four powers, with silicles.
1. Alpine alysson

II. Anemone. Anemone.
No. 694. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
March to May. Native.
1. White wood anemone - - - sylvestris
April to May. Native.

III. Bird's-Eye. Adonis.
No. 698. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
1. Perennial bird's-eye - - - - - vernalis
March to April. Europe. 1731.

IV. Daisy. Bellis.
No. 962. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.
1. Daisies, many varieties - - - perennis
March to September. Native.

V. Hellebore, or Christmas Rose. Helleborus.
No. 702. Class 13. many males. Order 7. many females.
1. Black hellebore - - - - - niger
January to March. Austria. 1596.

VI. Hepatica. Anemone, see above.

5. Hepatica, five varieties - - - Hepatica
March to April. Switzerland. 1596.

VII. Iris, or Flower-de-Luce. Iris.
No. 59. Class 3. three males. Order 1. one female.

1. Two-flowered - - - - - - biflora
April to May. South of Europe. 1596.
2. Yellowish - - - - - - - lutescens
April. Germany. 1596.
3. Dwarf purple - - - - - - pumila
April. Germany. 1596.
4. Chalcedonian iris - - - - - susiana
April to May. Levant. 1596.

VIII. Navelwort. Cynoglossum.
No. 183. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.

1. Venus's navelwort - - - - Omphaloides
March to May. South of Europe. 1633.

IX. Polyanthus. Primula.
No. 197. Class 5. five males. Order 1. one female.
March to May. Natives.

1. Polyanthus, many varieties - - Polyanthus

X. Primrose. Primula.
March to April. Native.

5. Primrose, five varieties - - - veris

XI. Wall-flower. Cheiranthus.
No. 815. Class 15. four powers, siliqued.

1. Wall-flower - - - - - - - - Cheiri
February to April. Native.

10.

Evergreen Herbaceous Plants.

I. Asarabacca. Asarum.
No. 589. Class 11. twelve males. Order 1. one female.

1. Asarabacca - - - - - - - europæum
May to June. Native.

II. Candy-tuft. Iberis.
No. 804. Class 15. four powers, with silicles.

1. Perennial evergreen candy-tuft - perennis
April to June. Crete. 1739.

III. Fumatory. Fumaria.
No. 849. Class 17. two brotherhoods. Order 2. six males.

1. Evergreen fumatory - - - - sempervirens
July to August. North America. 1683.

IV. Globe Thistle. Echinops.
No. 999. Class 19. confederate males. Order 7. separate polygamy.
1. Greater globe-thistle - - - Sphæro cephalus
July to August. Austria. 1595.

V. Golden Rod. Solidago.
No. 955. Class 19. confederate males. Order 2. superfluous polygamy.
1. Evergreen golden rod - - - sempervirens

VI. Helonias. Helonias.
No. 460. Class 6. six males. Order 5. many females.
1. Asphodel-leaved helonias - - - Asphodeloides
May to June. North America. 1765.

VII. Holly (Sea). Eryngium.
No. 324. Class 5. five males. Order 2. two females.
1. Sea holly - - - - - - - - maritimum
July to September. Native.

VIII. Houseleek. Sempervivum.
No. 612. Class 11. twelve males. Order 6. twelve females.
1. Houseleek - - - - - - - - Tectorum
July to September. Native.

IX. Lily. Lilium.
No. 410. Class 6. six males. Order 2. two females.
1. White lily - - - - - - - - 1. album
2. Striped-leaved white lily - - - - 2. —— striatum
June to July. Levant. 1597.

X. London Pride. Saxifraga.
No. 359. Class 10. ten males. Order 2. two females.
1. London pride - - - - - - - Geum
May to July. The Alps. 1629.

XI. Rose-Campion. Agrostemma.
No. 583. Class 10. ten males. Order 4. five females.
4. Rose-campion, four varieties - - Coronaria
June to September. Italy. 1596.

XII. Stonecrop, or Wall-Pepper. Sedum.
No. 338. Class 5. five males. Order 5. five females.
1. Yellow-flowered - - - - - - 1. acre
2. Variegated-leaved stonecrop - - 2. — variegatum
June to July. Native.

XIII. Thrift, or Sea-Pink. Statice.
No. 338. Class 5. five males. Order 5. five females.
1. Red-flowered - - - - - - - Armeria
2. White-flowered thrift - - - - —— alba
May to June. Native.

Account *of the* new Comedy *entitled* A Prior Claim, *performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Tuesday, October 29.*

THE characters were thus represented:

Sir William Freeman -	Mr. Dowton.
Colonel Raymond - -	Mr. Barrymore.
Henry Mortimer - -	Mr. Elliston.
Young Freeman - -	Mr. De Camp.
Lounger - - - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Patrick O'Shatter - -	Mr. Johnstone.
Alec M'Gregor - -	Mr. Dormer.
Robin - - - - - -	Mr. Collins.
Maria - - - - - -	Miss Duncan.
Emily - - - - - -	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Fanny - - - - - -	Miss De Camp.

This piece is avowed to be the joint production of Mr. Pye, the poet-laureat, and Mr. Arnold, the son of the late celebrated musical composer. The following are the outlines of the plot.

Maria, the daughter of *Sir William Freeman*, is betrothed in early life to *Colonel Raymond*. This engagement, sanctioned by the approbation of her father, is founded on esteem for his character, her heart being very little concerned in her acquiescence, but on his part on the most firm and rooted affection. *Colonel Raymond* departs for India, and is returned in the list of those who lost their lives in the storming of Seringapatam. In a year or two after this event, she forms a sincere and cordial attachment with *Henry Mortimer*, a man equally deserving esteem, and equally receiving her father's sanction, and whose disposition and manners produce an ardent affection in *Maria's* heart. The piece opens, at the expiration of four years after *Colonel Raymond's* supposed death, with the nuptial morning of this young couple, and with preparations for their wedding. In the second act, *Colonel Raymond* and *Patrick O'Shatter*, his Irish servant, make their sudden appearance in the village; and it is then discovered that they had lain in confinement in the enemy's country, and had effected their escape by the gallantry of a naval officer. Shocked with the intelligence he receives of the intended marriage, he flies to the house of his old friend *Sir William*; and in the third act an explanation takes place between them. The fourth opens with the parties assembled before the church, and the *Colonel* enters with *Sir William*, at the moment they are about to approach the altar. The ceremony is of course delayed. *Colonel Raymond* insists on the fulfilment of his contract, and his 'prior claim' is admitted by the father of *Maria*. *Sir William*, however, refuses to exert any authority over his daughter, beyond that of prohibiting her union with another; and she, equally bound by the point of honour, decidedly refusing her hand where her heart cannot be bestowed, unequivocally promises never to give her hand, if such is *Raymond's* will, to another. *Raymond*, unwilling to relinquish 'the long-cherished treasure of his soul,' fixes her to this promise, and doubting the strength of her resolution, and, in such a cause, the forbearance of *Henry Mortimer*, determines to have them carefully observed. In the sequel he obtains information of an intended meeting between the lovers, and with the intention of surprising them, perhaps, in some plan detrimental to his hopes, is witness to a parting scene, in which their conduct and sentiments are so highly honourable, that, in the impulse of manly generosity, he advances at the moment of their last farewell, and joins their hands for ever. During the progress of this business, it appears that *Young Freeman*, having formed an attachment

to *Emily*, a dependant of his sister, had some time before made her a dishonourable offer; but, impressed by the dignity of her reproof, at length avows his wish to make her his wife: this offer she equally rejects, from the most honourable sentiments of pride, announcing herself his equal in birth, though not in fortune, and acknowledging, that could she have been his without laying herself open to the imputation of sinister views on his family, he would not have met rejection. The arrival of *auld Alec Mac Gregor*, an honest Scotchman, announces her to *Young Freeman* as the heiress of a 'gude independent fortune;' and he, from a motive of equally honourable pride, now declines a renewal of his offer, lest it should be suspected that he had been apprised of her accession to fortune, previous to the late offer of his hand. In the end, she demands the reason of his silence, and frankly offers her person and her fortune, if he deems them worthy of acceptance.

The under-plot consists of *Patrick O'Shutter*'s discovering his wife in the village, beset by *Lounger, Robin*, and several other lovers; and, alarmed for her fidelity, endeavouring to surprise her. She, however, recognises his brogue immediately, and recriminates dexterously on his suspicion. *Lounger*, a London beau, bustles through the whole, making love to every body and succeeding with nobody, and retires at last to 'breathe again the atmosphere of St. James's,' ridiculed by all parties, and heartily sick of his country excursion.

It will be obvious, on a perusal of the foregoing incidents, that they are not particularly adapted to receive those tints of humour or vivacity which constitute the chief merit of most of the comedies of the present day. There are not above two or three scenes in which any attempt is made to disturb the gravity of the audience. The opportunities which occur of gratifying the vulgar and impolite propensity to laughter are very few indeed. This comedy is of the grave and high sentimental cast of the German school, containing powerful appeals to the feelings and situations of interest and delicacy, undebased by boisterous or unappropriate merriment.

The characters, without possessing any great claims to originality, are, in general, drawn with truth and spirit. *Colonel Raymond*, in particular, was a fine exhibition of manly feeling and lofty honour. *Lounger* is rather a superior kind of Bond-street beau. In his explanatory scene with *Young Freeman*, he displayed a talent for repartee, sufficient to confer the reputation of wit upon half a dozen of the class. The character of the Irish servant has nothing in it to distinguish it from the general run of entertaining blunderers; it is not high coloured enough for the rich and luxuriant humour of Johnstone. *Robin* is one of those simple and manly rustics which are to be found in every shire in England. Neither of the *Freemans*, nor *Mortimer*, is new to the stage; the last approximates very closely, particularly in the early scenes, to *Falkland*, in the *Rivals*. The hilarity of *Maria*, until the appearance of *Raymond*, was well supported by miss Duncan; and although the pathetic is not her *forte*, she succeeded much better in the affecting scenes than we could have expected.

The principal merit of this comedy is rather the expression of chaste and delicate sentiment than liberal effusions of either wit or humour. The style is terse and elegant, and the morality of the play is as pure as the most rigid advocate for dramatic decorum can require. No less than three songs were introduced in it.

Two of them, those sung by miss Duncan and miss De Camp, are the composition of Mr. Arnold, we un-understand. They are delightful melodies, and prove that he has succeeded to no mean portion of the paternal talent.

The play had every justice done it in the representation. The character of *Raymond*, by far the most difficult in the piece, was excellently played by Barrymore; and the same praise is due to the exertions of Elliston, Collins, and Dowton. The Comedy concluded quite in the manner of the German drama, with what is theatrically termed a picture, similar to what is seen in the *Stranger*, and *Lover's Vows*.

Johnstone sung an excellent parody on Braham's popular song of '*The Willow*;' to the repetition of which a most unaccountable and illiberal opposition was made.

The Prologue was spoken by Mr. De Camp; and the Epilogue, which contained some good points, was admirably delivered by miss Duncan.

The Comedy did not meet with a single murmur of disapprobation. It was announced for a second representation, with loud and general applause.

DALIDOR AND MULCE.

A MORAL TALE.

(From the French of Madame de Genlis.)

(Concluded from p. 548.)

THE first months after the marriage of Dalidor were passed in entertainments and fêtes, the principal pleasure of which was derived from the talents of Ambroisine. After some time they went into the country, and during two months lived in a more retired and domestic manner. Ambroisine was good, virtuous, and obliging; but so fondly devoted to music, and attached to that art so great an importance, that she possessed scarcely a single connected idea which was not relative to it. Destitute besides of every kind of information, and having but very little native understanding, she was at once insipid, frivolous, and pedantic; for when she wished to praise an excellent musician she made use of expressions only proper to be employed in the eulogium of a real philosoper, or of a hero. A good performer on any instrument was, according to her phraseology, *a great man*; she was in ecstasies at the *wisdom*, *purity*, and *profound sensibility*, of his style of playing. Whatever of sentiment or morality may be found in the most perfect book she found in a rondeau or a sonata. Dalidor was soon wearied of a conversation which continually turned on the same subject; he was soon even disgusted with perpetual music, all the finest passages of which he knew by heart. When he wished to converse, she was playing on the harp or lyre; and when he had a desire to walk out with her, she refused to accompany him, because she was learning a new piece. Some noisy instrument was always interposed between Ambroisine and him; and he at length began to think that it was possible to be happy with a wife who only knew how to embroider, since, at least, a frame cannot prevent any one from hearing nor from answering.

Ambroisine wished to shine with new eclat during the approaching winter, and she prepared for it with an ardour which nothing could abate.

About the end of October they left the country, and returned to Paris. Dalidor saw his house filled

with musicians. When he went to seek his wife in her closet, he heard in the antichamber the harmonious sounds of violins, flutes, and horns; for Ambroisine had all kinds of instruments. She sung to the guitar, played variations on the piano, and concertos on the harp. She executed some full pieces with considerable effect; and then it was necessary for her to have the accompaniment of various wind instruments, and sometimes even kettledrums. When Dalidor, braving all this din and tumult, half opened the door of the closet, Ambroisine, who wished to reserve for him the pleasure of a surprise, sent him away peremptorily: he was prohibited from being present at the rehearsals, which were performed almost every day. Ambroisine, always shut up, always practising, was like persons who perform plays in public:—she was a perfect nullity in intimate intercourse; and she purchased a brilliant exhibition by a fortnight or three weeks of vacuum and ennui.

The concerts attracted a great deal of company; and balls were besides given, that all the talents of Ambroisine might be fully displayed. Charming quadrilles were danced, composed by Vestris and d'Auberval, for which madame de Bertin made the dresses; and, towards the close of the winter, Dalidor was informed by his steward that he was in debt to the amount of seventy thousand livres. Ambroisine, however, protested that her tastes and amusements were only of the most simple kind, and that she had absolutely an aversion to ostentatious parade. In truth, she had lately caused a beautiful gilded saloon to be entirely re-constructed, with wood inlaid with various natural colours; an alteration which cost fifteen thousand livres; yet what can be more simple than wood, without sculpture and without painting? New curtains of light taffety supplied the place of the old rich and magnificent ones, which were found to be disgustingly substantial: the girandoles and lustres were banished to the wardrobe, and antique lamps of alabaster substituted for them. In short, to make the reformation complete, Ambroisine determined in future to wear only flowers, steel, and glass: she laid aside all her diamonds, which she successively exchanged for English merchandise. Such was the prudent simplicity of Ambroisine.

A mournful event suspended for eight months the concerts and entertainments. The father of Dalidor died, and left to his only son a rich inheritance. Dalidor then gave himself up to the gratification of all his tastes. He wished to have a cabinet of pictures, and to make an English garden. He admired only the Flemish school, the pictures of which at that time were sold at the highest prices. The amateurs of the eighteenth century preferred a hundred times the figure of an old smoker, or a cook-maid peeling onions, to that of a hero or a nymph. Yet, while Dalidor was hanging his apartments with these ignoble paintings, he was filling his garden with obelisks, pyramids, and temples. This want of harmony in tastes, sufficiently proves that none is possessed in reality, but that the pretended virtuoso is merely the votary of fashion.

The mourning being over, the entertainments and *fêtes* recommenced, and even during the summer; for how was it possible not to give *fêtes* in an English garden? The groves were illuminated, pastoral pieces were performed, and dances woven on the mossy turf. Musical performers were placed in the temples

and on the artificial rivers, and plaintive stanzas were sung over the tombs. Dalidor's steward made several representations on the expences incurred, and (which is the honestest thing a steward can do) had even the generosity to propose to his master, that he should examine his accounts and affairs himself. But Dalidor carefully avoided accepting this strange offer, and assured the steward that his occupations would not permit him to enter into these minute details. The steward therefore, perceiving in his master such a perfect indifference to his interest, took no further care but for his own.

At the expiration of two years, however, the creditors reached even Dalidor; and became so clamorous, that he was under the necessity of selling, hastily, and at a low price, his collection of pictures, and his cabinet of scarce and valuable curiosities: for he was also a collector of curiosities, and expended a great deal of money in old cracked china, in villanous violet and blue Japanese images, old lacker, grotesque figures of monkeys, &c. Ambroisine, having contributed prodigiously to the derangement of her husband's fortune, was desirous likewise to make a sacrifice, and generously brought to Dalidor an enormous jewel-box filled with her trinkets; but Dalidor, finding the diamonds metamorphosed into necklaces and bracelets of hair, into chains and medallions and cyphers of hair, and into seed-pearls, could derive no advantage from the good intentions of Ambroisine. He therefore returned to her these elegant sentimental ornaments, and informed her that he was under the necessity of passing a year at an estate about a hundred miles distant from Paris. Ambroisine consented to accompany him; and this resolution was, in her, a great effort of virtue. She was not insensible of the sacrifice she was about to make: she knew well that in the country she should find neither elegant balls nor spectacles nor concerts.

The health of Ambroisine, already impaired by late hours and extreme dissipation, was completely destroyed in the solitude of an old mansion-house. Ambroisine was virtuous, irreproachable, and not a coquette; but habit had rendered the applause of connoisseurs necessary to her. It was in vain that her country neighbours, destitute of taste or ear, repeated, when she played on the harp —'That is very pretty!' or, 'Madame sings wonderfully well!'—Such praises as these could not supply the place of the bravos and extasies of virtuosos. The want of emulation, and her ill state of health, soon deprived her even of the taste for music; and she found herself without employment, which plunged her into the deepest listlessness. Her temper suffered the most grievous alteration;—she became changeable and fantastical: impertinence, petulance, and a childish unreasonableness, were added to her natural insipidity. Dalidor, then, disquieted and tormented every hour of the day, till his patience was quite exhausted, more than once cursed the frivolity which had caused him to prefer a musician, without mind, to a delicate young female, modest, amiable, and domestic. The lovely stranger recurred to his recollection and imagination in a more lively manner than ever. 'She must now,' said he to himself, 'be eighteen or nineteen. How charming must she appear! She is probably married and settled in the country, and she is doubtless extremely well pleased to live in the country. Far from despising the cares of a family, she makes them her delight. Happy is the man who can actually contemplate her such

as she appears in that charming portrait, which is indelibly imprinted on my memory—but a thousand times more happy is the husband she has chosen!' This thought forced a sigh from Dalidor; and a melancholy reflection on his own situation at that time inflicted on his heart the most painful sensations.

In the mean time, Ambroisine, declining daily more and more in health, appeared ardently to desire to return to Paris, after a stay of six months in the country. Dalidor, uneasy at her situation, hastened to comply with her wishes. The revolution had commenced several months before: its first storms hastened the end of Ambroisine; she died a short time after her arrival at Paris. The revolution completed Dalidor's ruin. He was suspected of aristocracy; and his lands were consequently pillaged, his houses burnt; while his creditors seized every thing that remained. As he was totally ignorant of the state of his affairs, he was obliged to acquiesce in every demand made on him; and much more was demanded than he really owed. Nothing remained to him but an annuity for his life, which, by a good bargain that he thought himself extremely fortunate in concluding, his steward had secured to him, by purchasing one of the finest of his estates. Dalidor, under these distressing circumstances, was deprived, by his own fault, of the beneficial advice of Mulce. The latter had long been settled in the country. Dalidor had neglected even to answer his letters and offers of service, and at length Mulce had ceased to write to him. The reign of terror came on; and Dalidor, with reason terrified, fled for safety into a foreign country. There he vegetated six or seven years; at the end of which time he received in London a letter from Mulce, which contained only these words:

'I have obtained your recal. Come without delay, my dear Dalidor! you will find an asylum with your nearest relative and best friend. I shall wait for you at Dessaint's, at Calais. MULCE.'

How lively must have been the impression which this letter made on Dalidor! What gratitude can equal that of a fugitive so long abandoned, and who receives unexpectedly such intelligence, and such a proof of remembrance!

Dalidor, without losing a moment, embarked, and set sail for France. He arrived in safety at Calais, flew to Dessaint's, and enquired for Mulce; but was answered that he was not yet come. He waited a week, and, not receiving any notice from him, resolved to proceed to Normandy, to the house of a person of his acquaintance, in the hope of procuring some intelligence from Paris, and concerning Mulce. He travelled on horseback, and alone; and his horse being hurt, he was obliged to stop one night in a pleasant village near Caen. He slept in a tavern; the hostess of which told him that he was on the estate of a generous and benevolent gentleman, named Vilmure. This name was unknown to Dalidor. He asked his hostess no more questions; but she, mistaking his silence for attention, continued speaking. After having made the eulogium of the *çi-devant seigneur* of the place, she proceeded to make that of his wife.—' Is she young?' asked Dalidor.—' She is young and charming,' replied the hostess. At these words, Dalidor listened with a sort of interest. She described the most interesting traits of madame de Vilmure. She was handsome, good, and pious, as an angel; a pattern for wives and mo-

thers. She had, during the reign of terror, saved her husband by her courage and her exertions. She had concealed him for eight months; and at the same time, by her knowledge of business, had been enabled to preserve almost the whole of his fortune. She had also, with the tenderest affection, taken care of an old grandfather, who had brought her up, and she had four of the prettiest children ever seen, to whom she gave the best education possible. This description drew a sigh from Dalidor. He enquired whether the husband of this accomplished person was with her; and was answered that he was then absent, but was expected home every day.

Dalidor, while his supper was preparing, walked in the avenue of the mansion of the lord of the estate. Recollecting what he had been told by his hostess, he viewed with more than ordinary interest the Gothic building, then enlightened by the bright rays of an unclouded moon. While he reflected on the complete tranquillity and happiness that reigned in this house, he recollected with grief both his own unfortunate marriage, and the charming stranger whom he had formerly met so frequently.—'Ah!' said he to himself, 'she it was to whom I ought to have given my heart, which was strongly inclined towards her—but the mania of the arts overcame this sentiment. Perhaps, she might not have possessed the information and solidity of mind of madame de Vilmure; but she assuredly had sense, and simplicity of taste. She was charming; she would not have contributed to my ruin; I should have loved her alone.'

These reflections plunged Dalidor into a profound reverie. He had been more than two hours in this avenue, when he saw smoke suddenly burst forth from one of the chambers of the house. He immediately hastened towards the court-yard. It was half past ten: he entered, and found all the servants in motion. He went into the house, and, after having crossed a large hall, perceived a female half-undressed, whose scattered hair concealed her face, and who held in her arms two lovely little children, almost naked; while two others, somewhat larger, followed her, hanging on her flowing robe. She shrieked with a piercing voice.——'My grandfather! My grandfather! Assist my grandfather!' This voice penetrated the heart of Dalidor. No servant dared to enter, because the room which must first be passed was on fire. Dalidor asked two or three questions in the utmost haste, and learned that the valet-de-chambre, who slept near the old man, had been mean enough to save himself, and to abandon him as soon as he saw the fire; that the old man was asleep; that his apartment had a door behind which looked into the garden, but that door was fastened within by iron bars.—'Enough!' cried Dalidor, springing forward into the part of the house that was on fire—'fear nothing, madam: I will save your grandfather.' Thus saying, he darted forward like an arrow, through a little antichamber full of flames and smoke. He held to his mouth his handkerchief, which he had dipped in a pail of water. The fire caught his great-coat: but on entering the chamber, which the flames had not yet reached, he threw off his great-coat, having been only somewhat scorched in the leg, and in the arm. He thus reached the old man's bed; who was in a profound sleep, and who, had he been a moment later, must have been suffocated. He awoke him, took him in his arms, opened the back door,

inhaled with transport the fresh air of the garden, and there, at this moment, at the height of happiness, gave the old man to the arms of the terified madame de Vilmure.—' Oh, most generous of men!' exclaimed she, ' condescend to follow us into my pavillion.' Thus saying, she wrapped her grandfather in the clothes of one of her domestics, and hastened to conduct him to the other wing of the house. Dalidor was requested to wait in a parlour, while madame de Vilmure was employed in seeing her grandfather and her children put to bed. Never had Dalidor experienced so strong an emotion; though, in the confusion in which he was, he had not distinguished the features of madame de Vilmure. He had been struck at the first sight of her; and the elegance of her figure and the sweetness of her voice, recalled to his mind a confused recollection. On entering the parlour he felt himself so oppressed, that he opened a window which looked into the yard. He saw all the peasants running in crowds, and hurrying towards the pavillion, to extinguish the fire; which, by their exertions, they effected in less than half an hour.—' How much she is beloved!' said Dalidor; for during all this time he had been thinking only of her. A door opened—he thought that madame de Vilmure was coming. He turned, took two or three steps, and saw before him a large picture, at the sight of which an universal trembling seized him. He approached it, and examining it more closely saw that it really was, as at the first glance it had appeared, the handsome little housekeeper feeding her chickens.—' O destiny!' exclaimed he, ' it is she!' and he sank into an arm-chair, bursting into tears. In fact, madame de Vilmure was his lovely stranger.—Some minutes afterwards he heard a noise in the antichamber: he dried his tears, and madame de Vilmure appeared. As she had never observed him with much attention, she did not retain the slightest recollection of him; but she expressed her gratitude to him in the warmest terms. She had his burns dressed by a surgeon, whom she had sent for to examine whether he had received any serious hurt; attending on him at the same time herself, and giving every assistance that was in her power. She then ordered supper. Dalidor ate nothing; and madame de Vilmure, after repeating her tenderest thanks, had him conducted to an apartment prepared for him. She did all this with such simplicity and goodness—her attention was so engaged by her grandfather, and the fear that this accident might be prejudical to his health—that she did not remark the uneasiness and melancholy of Dalidor, and even forgot to ask him his name.

When Dalidor was alone, his mind became a prey to the most afflicting ideas.—' How beautiful she is!' cried he: ' that sweet bloom of innocence is still preserved undiminished. What grace! What dignity! But I have not left in her memory the slightest trace, while she has been continually present in mine. What total forgetfulness! Ah! soon as the morning shall dawn, I will make my escape, without again seeing her, from this fatal mansion, or I shall die. At least she is indebted to me for the life of her grandfather, and she has not condescended to enquire my name!—She shall be ignorant of it for ever.'

Dalidor passed a great part of the night in this agitation; but at length fatigue procured him a few hours' sleep. At seven in the morning he was awakened by a great bustle that was suddenly made in the house.

He arose; and a moment after a servant came hastily to inform him of the arrival of M. de Vilmure. Dalidor, in his first emotion, hurried out of his chamber, to avoid this interview; but at the end of the gallery he met madame de Vilmure leaning on her husband's arm, and stood petrified with astonishment on recognising in this happy husband his cousin Mulce. The surprise was mutual; and the state of stupor in which Dalidor was absorbed appeared very natural. Mulce loaded him with caresses, which Dalidor received with a kind of remorse. They hurried him to the apartment of the good old grandfather, who was anxious to see his deliverer. Dalidor experienced the sweetest pleasure in clasping to his bosom this venerable old man, so dear to his family: and the gratitude and sincere affection which they testified towards him diffused a salutary balm over the wounds of his heart. Mulce explained his conduct: indispensable business had prevented him from going to Calais; but he had sent a servant thither with a letter, and directions to bring Dalidor to the same mansion to which chance had conducted him. This messenger, having been taken dangerously ill, had been obliged to stop at the distance of five-and-twenty leagues from Calais; and a fever, accompanied by delirium, had rendered him incapable of sending his message by another person.

The history of Mulce, in fine, was briefly this. During the reign of terror he had settled himself at Bourdeaux, with a Creole, then in credit, named Vilmure; who, for the space of a year, made him pass for his son. This man, when he died, left him all his property; and Mulce, from gratitude, retained the name to which he was indebted for his life and a considerable part of his fortune.

Dalidor, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friend, unable to remain in a house which had affected his feelings in so acute a manner, hastened to set out for Paris. Mulce, by his interest, obtained him the place of envoy to a German prince, at whose court he resided three years; at the expiration of which time he returned to his own country, and again married. By the procurement of Mulce, he espoused a rich heiress, a relation of the wife of the latter. The young lady was amiable, unaffected, had received a useful education, and at the same time possessed many agreeable acquirements; for I mean not to say that it is impossible to understand painting, and to be able to perform on various instruments, and at the same time to have good sense: but in the latter case these pleasing arts are only to be considered as recreations: they may be discoursed of, or cultivated, without attaching to them any great importance; nor will any hesitation be made to neglect or even entirely to sacrifice them to the smallest duties. To conclude, Dalidor at length became happy; though not till he had experienced many troubles and disappointments, and when arrived at somewhat more than mature age: whereas Mulce had been so constantly all his life.

A NOON-TIDE WALK,

IN OCTOBER.

By J. M. L.

THE mornings in October had for some time been cold and dreary: the north wind had swept over the plain with terrific vengeance; even the lark (chilled by the uncommon severity of the weather) had forgot to

chant his morning song to the great Creator of all. If the morning chanced to exhibit a faint smile, the after-part of the day had closed in tears. Thus passed several cheerless days: all animated nature drooped as it were in consonance to the passing storms: the early rambler was disappointed of his walk: the poetic mind could not steal forth to enjoy the sweets of autumn.

The morning of the day in which my ramble was taken did not appear brilliantly adorned with the vivid ray of Phoebus: it rose dim; the mist was very heavy; and as I looked from my chamber window, the casement, in opening, shook the heavy drops of dew from a beautiful honeysuckle that spread its luxuriance around, and which still sent forth it fragrance undiminished: I closed it with no very prepossessing idea of a fine day, and descended to breakfast.

About ten o'clock, the sun,

'Of this great world both eye and soul,'

made his appearance, and gradually overpowered the mist, till his beams shone forth with renovated lustre.

I hastened to dress, and about eleven set off for a walk. The birds every-where chirped their gratitude; the lark's note was pre-eminent amongst them, no longer repressed by the 'tempest-winged north.'

It seemed more like a fine day in spring than autumn. The few flies the cold weather had spared sported in the beam, whilst the filmy gossamer-web of summer floated plentifully in the air; scarcely a breath of wind shook the trees, which, from the little warm weather there had been to embrown the leaves, exhibited a spring-like luxuriance; and the animated glow occasioned by the healthful exercise of walking more than all conspired to give the idea of summer; yet, in crossing a meadow deeply clothed with grass, I discovered the sun had not sufficient power to dry up 'the morning dew,' with which it was very wet, though completely noon. Here, then, was a memento of winter: and it led the mind fond of reflection to consider, that probably in a few short hours the fragile forms now sporting under a seeming summer sun would shrink beneath the freezing influence of 'the northern blast,' and yield their lives a tribute to the tyrant winter.

Close emblem this of man! His life is but a checquered scene. One day he sports, insect-like, in fortune's beam, nor heeds the gathering storm, till, 'like the caverned earthquake,' it burst upon him, and sweeps his splendid hopes, his fondest wishes, into air, 'thin air,' and perhaps sinks him to the tomb, an early victim of indiscretion.

Bury St. Edmund's, Oct. 20, 1805.

TITTLETATTLE.

To the fair Readers *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Laugh if you are wise. Martial.

My sweet fair Creatures!

I WAS born a sort of a gentleman, for you must know my great-grandfather was a parson—and you know a parson is always *considered* a gentleman—and my great-grandmother was a parson's wife.—These were my ancestors, as my own father and mother tell me. But my father's father did not like the profession of a parson, so he chose the rural life of a farmer; and then my father's mother was a farmer's wife, and that profession descended to my father; and he is now a *bit* of a gentleman

farmer, and my dear sweet mother a *bit* of a gentleman farmer's wife—so all this makes me a *little bit* of a son of a *bit* of a gentleman farmer: so much for my pedigree. And dear mother gave me a *little bit* of good education—and I pass for a gentleman; for I am, be assured, a man of *taste* and *fashion* (as the phrase goes): for I'll tell you—I wear my boots black as jet, with cream-coloured tops; or my hessians, with at least fifty wrinkles in them—and large enough to hold, beside my pretty *little* leg (though I say it, that should not say it), at least a *peck of bran;* but they are all the go: I have, too, the large *inexpressibles;* one thigh of which is sufficient to hold three the size of mine: they come below my calf, and button the front of my leg, and reach near my chin—(it's as they wear them). My waistcoat is of the newest pattern possible, and made just the tip: my coat of the Bond-street cut—the sleeves large enough to contain the arms of *O'Brian,* the Irish giant; yet the waist and skirts so short, that the hind part appears more calculated for a boy just breeched, and, in fact, scarcely sufficient to hide what they ought to conceal: (they are all the rage). My hat is what we term a *slouch*—a large wide brim, and a very low crown; and this really makes me look like a *large mushroom:* (but it's the tippy). Thus far, my sweet females! you may suppose I am complete; in fact, what is called a complete fellow. But, alas! I am not a *perfect one.* I have *a want*;—*I want* a beard, and a more manly countenance. *I want* dignity. *I want* courage. *I want* assurance. *I want* intrepidity. *I want* resolution. *I want—I want*—Yes, *I want whiskers.* O had I but the *whiskers,* then should I be the happy man! If any of you sweet little creatures can and will provide a remedy for my *wants,* haste, haste, to relieve one *sadly* opprest; for at present, although twenty-two years of age, my face is as *smooth* and as *fair* as my sister's. As for my dear sweet mother, she beats me hollow: she has many *long hairs* on her chin and face, and when she smiles or pouts they shine exactly like the *sweet whiskers* of a cat.—I have *began* to love a young lady, but dare not tell her of it *at present;* for I know she hates a man without *whiskers.* I shave, and pomade my chin and face—yet all to *no purpose;* and, with all my fashionable dress and other accomplishments, I look exactly like *a great girl* dressed up in man's clothes: in fact, some of the young ladies in our town call me the *feminine beau.* I hope and trust, my dear female friends, you will earnestly consider my misfortune, and inform me, in the next month's Magazine, what I must do to obtain a large big pair of *whiskers*—then, O then, I'll tell my love I love her, and am sure she will love me; for she often, ah! very often, talks about the *sweet whiskers* of the captain in our town: If you will, dear ladies! give a receipt, be assured the favour will be considered a *heavenly one.* I do assure you I am *not an ugly fellow,* take me all in all—but I want, and must have, the *whiskers.*

O sweet *whiskers!*
My life for the *whiskers!*

With the fond hope of obtaining relief by the kind interference of you, fair creatures! I conclude in assuring you I am, with the greatest respect,

The protector of your dear sex,

Tommy Softchin.

Quill-hall, West-end,
Oct. 17, 1805.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Walking & full Dress.

LONDON WALKING AND FULL DRESSES.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. A DRESS of coloured muslin, or crape, trimmed with lace, to form a drapery, fastened behind with a bow of white ribbons; sleeves and front of lace over a white sattin lining. Black velvet hat, ornamented with beads and white ostrich feather; white shoes and gloves.

2. Black velvet pelisse, with a stand-up collar, trimmed with plaited net, and fastened on the right breast with steel ornaments, and down the front; to match round the bottom with swans-down. Silver bear muff; and brown velvet bonnet.

N. B. Scarlet shawls have been lately much worn.

[We are indebted for the above DRESSES, to the favour of MACK and BENNET, milliners, and fancy-dress makers, New Bond-street.]

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE favourite colour at present is that called *cheveux de nymphe* (approaching to a nut-brown, or the colour called *feuille morte*, the dead leaf). This is combined with the rose, or pale rose. The deep-green is frequently joined with white, especially in capotes. For plain woollen shawls, the capuchin colour is preferred.

The number of white straw hats, *à-la-Pamela*, rather increases than diminishes. The ribbon is sometimes fastened before, sometimes on the side, and sometimes behind; and the ends are of different lengths.

Short robes of white muslin are common for morning dresses, with short puckered sleeves. The shawls are plain, frequently of rose-coloured silk: the shoes and gloves white.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD NELSON OF THE NILE, K. B.

[*A Portrait of the illustrious Admiral, engraved by* HEATH, *was intended for the present number, but could not be finished in time. It shall certainly be given in our next, with the conclusion of this account of his life.*]

THE distinguished subject of the present memoir was the fourth son of the venerable Edward Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and miss Catherine Suckling, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Suckling, prebendary of Westminster. Horatio Nelson was born in the parsonage-house of the said rectory, on the 29th of September, 1758. The High School at Norwich enjoys the honour of having instilled the first rudiments of education into his aspiring mind; whence he was afterwards removed to North Walsham. At an early period of life he imbibed from his father such principles of religion and morality as rarely forsook him, when surrounded with those scenes of vice and temptation to which youth launched into the extensive line of naval duty are peculiarly subject. His parents also inculcated the principles of real honour, with that reliance on an overruling Providence which no succeeding peril has been able to remove.—The sons of clergymen, who at different periods have entered into the British navy, and so conspicuously distinguished themselves in naval achievements, have unceasingly displayed innumerable examples of heroism, and been consequently advanced to the highest honours a grateful country could bestow.

Mr. Nelson passed the professional ordeal as lieutenant, on the 8th of April, 1777; and the next day received his commission as second of the Lowestoffe, 32 guns, captain William Locker. In this ship he arrived at Jamaica; but finding that even a frigate was not sufficiently

active for his glowing mind, he solicited an appointment to the command of a schooner, tender to the Lowestoffe; and in this small vessel eagerly availed himself of the opportunity of becoming a complete pilot for all the intricate passages through the keys (islands) situated on the northern side of Hispaniola. During Mr. Nelson's continuance in the Lowestoffe, as second lieutenant, a circumstance occurred which, as it strongly presaged his character, and conveys no invidious reflections on the officer to whom it alludes, deserves to be here recorded.

In a strong gale of wind, and a heavy sea, the Lowestoffe captured an American letter of marque. The captain ordered the first lieutenant to board her; which he accordingly attempted, but was not able to effect, owing to the tremendous sea running. On his return to the ship, captain Locker exclaimed, 'Have I then no officer who can board the prize?' On hearing this, the master immediately ran to the gang-way, in order to jump into the boat: when lieutenant Nelson suddenly stopped him, saying 'It is my turn now; if I come back it will be yours.' Hence we perceive the indications of that intrepid spirit which no danger could ever dismay or appal; and also an early propensity for deeds of hardy enterprise. In the subsequent events of his glorious life, the reader will observe with pleasure, that whatever perils or difficulties Horatio Nelson had to encounter, they only called forth a greater energy of mind to surmount them.

Soon after the arrival of rear-admiral sir Peter Parker at Jamaica, in the year 1778, he appointed lieutenant Nelson third of the Bristol, his flag ship; from which, by rotation, he became the first; and, under sir Peter Parker's flag in the Bristol, concluded his services in the rank of a lieutenant. On the 8th of December, during the above year, he was appointed on that station commander of the Badger brig; in which he was soon ordered to protect the Mosquito shore, and the Bay of Honduras, from the depredations of American privateers. Whilst on this service he so completely gained the grateful respect of the settlers, that they unanimously voted him their thanks; and most sensibly expressed their regret when he quitted the station. Whilst captain Nelson commanded the Badger, his majesty's ship Glasgow, captain Thomas Lloyd, came into Montego Bay, Jamaica, where the former was at that time lying at anchor: shortly after her arrival, the Glasgow took fire from a cask of rum. By the unceasing exertions and presence of mind of captain Nelson, the whole crew were saved from the flames.

Captain Nelson obtained his post rank on the 11th of June, 1779. The first ship to which he was appointed, after his advance to post rank, was the Hinchinbroke. On the arrival of count d'Estaing at Hispaniola, with a numerous fleet and army, from Martinico, an attack on Jamaica was immediately expected: in this critical situation of the island, captain Nelson was entrusted, both by the admiral and general, with the command of the batteries at Port Royal. This was deemed the most important post in Jamaica, as being the key to the naval force of the town of Kingston, and to the seat of government at Spanish Town. During the month of January, 1780, an expedition being resolved on for the reduction of fort St. Juan, on the river St. John, in the gulph of Mexico, captain Nelson was appointed to command the naval department, and major Polson the military. In effecting this arduous service, captain Nelson displayed his usual intrepidity: he quitted his ship, and su-

perintended the transporting of the troops in boats one hundred miles up a river, which none but Spaniards, since the time of the Buccaneers, had ever navigated. Major Polson bore ample testimony to general Dalling of his brave colleague's exertions, as well as gallantry, in this service; who after storming an outpost of the enemy, situated on an island in the river, constructed batteries, and fought the Spaniards with their own guns. To captain Nelson's conduct the principal cause of our success in reducing fort Juan was ascribed: in which were found one brass mortar of five inches and a half; twenty pieces of brass ordnance mounted, besides swivels; ten or twelve iron ditto, dismounted; with a proportionable quantity of military stores.

From the extreme fatigue captain Nelson endured on this expedition, his health became visibly impaired. Being soon afterwards appointed to the Janus, 44 guns, at Jamaica, he took his passage thither in the Victor sloop to join his ship. On his arrival, sir Peter Parker kindly prevailed upon him to live at his Penn, where captain Nelson received every attention and medical assistance: but his state of health was so rapidly declining, that he was obliged to return to England in his majesty's ship Lion, commanded by the honourable William Cornwallis, through whose care and attention his life was again preserved.

In the month of August, 1781, captain Nelson was appointed to the command of the Albemarle; when his delicate constitution underwent a severe trial, by being kept the whole of the ensuing winter in the North Seas. In April, 1782, he sailed with a convoy for Newfoundland and Quebec, under the orders of captain Thomas Pringle. During a cruise off Boston, he was chased by three ships of the line, and the Iris frigate: as they all beat him in sailing, and were coming up very fast, he had no chance left but to trust to Providence, and his own experience in pilotage, by running his ship amongst the shoals of St. George's Bank. This had the desired effect, as it alarmed the line of battle ships, who in consequence quitted the pursuit: the frigate, however, persevered in the chace; and at sun-set, having approached within little more than gun-shot, captain Nelson ordered the main-top-sail of his little frigate to be laid to the mast*, when the enemy immediately tacked, and stood to rejoin her consorts.

In the spring of the year 1784 he was appointed to the command of the Boreas frigate, 28 guns, and was ordered to the Leeward Islands.

From the month of July, 1786, until that of June, in the following year, captain Nelson continued with the command at the Leeward Islands; when at length he sailed for England. During the preceding winter, prince William Henry visited this station in the Pegasus frigate, to which his royal highness had been appointed captain. The conduct of captain Nelson, as commanding officer, gained him the esteem and friendship of the young prince, which has since increased with advancing years. In the month of March, 1787, captain Nelson married the truly amiable Frances Woolward Nesbit †, widow of doctor Nesbit, of the island of Nevis, daughter of William Herbert, esq. senior judge, and niece to Mr. Herbert, president of that island: the bride was given away by prince William Henry.

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* In other words, bringing to, for the purpose of giving battle to an approaching enemy.

† This lady had a son by her first marriage, who has been advanced to post rank, with the command of the Thalia, 36 guns. He has served under his father-in-law with credit during the whole of the present war.

The Boreas frigate being paid off at Sheerness on the 30th of November, 1787, captain Nelson retired, to enjoy the consolation of domestic happiness, at the parsonage-house of Burnham Thorpe, which his father gave him for a place of residence: where, imitating Xenophon in the arrangement of his little farm at Scillus, captain Nelson passed the interval of peace in rural occupation and solitude. From the age of twelve years to the time occupied at this retreat, no period occurs in the life of Horatio Nelson for the mind to pause; all previous to this, and since that period, has been a continued succession of events arising from professional duties, amid a complication of peril, and unprecedented emergencies. He now enjoyed the opportunity of strengthening, by frequent reflection, the experience he had obtained; combining the various ideas which a quick, yet sound, observation had collected; and improving that knowledge of himself, and of human nature, so essential to those who are called on by their country to command with firmness, and to obey without a murmur. Like the celebrated Roman* who retired into the country to enjoy its calm repose, captain Nelson might declare, that he *had been many years on earth, but had lived only four for himself*.

In the year 1790, during the Spanish armament occasioned by the dispute relative to Nootka Sound, captain Nelson left his retirement to offer his services; but his endeavours to get employed were ineffectual.— On the 30th of January, 1793, a day ever to be remembered in our annals, and which the page of naval history will now mark with more peculiar regard, this distinguished character again came forward to appear with new lustre, and to arrest the progress of anarchy. He was appointed to the Agamemnon†, 64 guns, in a manner the most grateful to those feelings, which had been hurt at the inefficacy of his former application; and was soon placed under the orders of that excellent officer lord Hood, then appointed to command in the Mediterranean.

The unbounded confidence which the noble admiral always reposed in captain Nelson, manifests the high opinion which lord Hood then entertained of his courage and ability to execute the arduous services with which he was entrusted. If batteries were to be attacked; if ships were to be cut out of their harbours; if the hazardous landing of troops was to be effected, or difficult passages to be explored; we invariably find Horatio Nelson foremost on each occasion, with his brave officers and his gallant crew of the Agamemnon‡. It was well observed in the Mediterranean at this time, that before captain Nelson quitted his old ship, he had not only fairly worn her out§, but had also exhausted himself, and his ship's company. From habits of active service, however, his originally delicate constitution continued to support great fatigue; though his strength was visibly impaired previously to lord Hood's coming to England.

(To be continued.)

* Similis, under Trajan.

† During the time captain Nelson had the command of the Agamemnon, and previously to the commencement of hostilities with Spain, he put into Cadiz to water; and, on beholding the Spanish fleet, exclaimed, *These ships are certainly the finest in the world: thank God! the Spaniards cannot build men!*

‡ The greater part of the Agamemnon's crew were raised in the neighbourhood of Burnham Thorpe.

§ When the Agamemnon came into dock to be refitted, at the beginning of October, 1796, there was not a mast, yard, sail, nor any part of the rigging, but was obliged to be repaired—the whole being so cut to pieces with shot: her hull had long been kept together by cables served round.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES

On the late VICTORY *and* DEATH *of*

LORD NELSON.

AGAIN has Victory o'er Britannia's isle
Wav'd her bright plumes, and deign'd her partial smile;
Again have her unconquer'd fleets defied
And been the scourge of haughty Gallia's pride:
Yet while Britannia's ensign o'er the main
Triumphantly confirms her glorious reign;
While honour's brightest ray her brows adorn;--
Yet is her heart with poignant anguish torn:
A cloud of grief on ev'ry face appears,
And all her laurels are impearl'd with tears.
As the frail influence of an April day,
Gloomy at once with showers---with sunshine gay!
So Britons mourn and bless the self-same hour;
And joy's bright sunshine gleams thro' sorrow's show'r.
For who are those who own their Country's claim,
Whose hearts beat high with rapture at her fame,
But must exultingly her triumph hear,
With Pleasure's glow, and sad Affliction's tear?
Oh, fatal triumph! gain'd at Albion's cost:
Victory is hers, but NELSON breathes his last!
At once Britannia's glory and her grief;
We hail the day, and mourn her gallant chief:
For while bright conquest's tide salutes our shore,
The sighing gales exclaim, 'NELSON 's no more!'
Brave Nelson's name from shore to shore resounds,
And Echo wafts afar th' impassion'd sounds.
Each bosom heaves the sympathising sigh,
And Sorrow's gem bedims each Briton's eye:
Amidst the triumph of the scene, they mourn,
And shed the grateful tear o'er Nelson's urn.
They oft with retrospective view survey
The lessen'd triumph of the well-fought day:
Imagination lends her glowing aid,
And Fancy pierces thro' the deepen'd shade.
Off cape Trafalgar see the squadrons bear:
The signal made for battle to prepare,
Celerity does through each fleet prevail,
And war's deep murmurs swell the passing gale.
See, see! the vig'rous onset they begin!
From coast to coast resounds the horrid din;
Loud as when Etna's mount convulsive roars,
Th' echoing ordnance wake the distant shores.
Behold! amid the horrors of the scene,
Aboukir's fearless hero stands serene!

Brave and undaunted as the god of war,
When prostrate legions fall around his car.
With intrepidity and coolness join'd,
His country's welfare actuates his mind:
His bright example animates each breast,
And British valour shines again confest;—
For Albion's sake, they all united try
To conquer, or in glory's conflict die.
Each man appears a hero in her cause,
For her religion, liberty, and laws:
Determin'd loyalty, and steady zeal,
Heave ev'ry breast for a lov'd country's weal.
Victory again prepares her wreath, to crown
Their brave endeavours with deserv'd renown.
O'er Britain's fleet the goddess fair behold,
Clad in a cloud of azure ting'd with gold:
A laurel garland on her head she wears,
In which a fatal cypress bud appears;—
A presage sad of the lamented fate
That did on Albion's gallant hero wait.
See! from the tops of yon tall ship descend
A deadly ball, commission'd for his end:
Sure some fell demon guides its rapid flight—
Fell as dark Pluto's realms of endless night.
Fain, fain would I th' unwelcome tale repress:—
It pierc'd, alas! the gallant Nelson's breast.
The hero falls, amid a nation's sighs,
On earth's frail limits never more to rise!
When o'er him Death his pallid ensign spread,
The pious hero bow'd his laurell'd head;
With meek submission met the stroke of Death,
And bless'd his country with his latest breath.
Yet, while below his worth we shall revere,
And his remains embalm with Sorrow's tear,
His soul aloft on Glory's pinion soars
To blissful regions and immortal shores.
Though now no more life's troubled sea he sails,
Braves its rude tempests, or endures its gales;
Though Nelson anchors in a port of rest;
His mem'ry's moor'd in ev'ry British breast:
And Fame's loud trumpet to the world shall tell,
In Victory's arms illustrious Nelson fell;
While laureat bards shall celebrate his praise,
And Nelson's name immortalise their lays:
Succeeding ages shall his triumph hear,
And with their admiration blend a tear;
And while his shining merit they review,
Practise his virtues, and revere them too.
Cease, fair Britannia! cease; your grief restrain;—
Another Nelson shall be yours again.
A kindred soul does Collingwood possess—
As brave a spirit, and as firm a breast.
A Collingwood shall still protect your isle;
A Collingwood your sorrows shall beguile:—
Shall emulate your much-lov'd Nelson's name,
Purchase fresh laurels at the shrine of Fame;
Avenge her heroes fall'n, and England's cause maintain.

Coleshill, Nov. 9, 1805.

HORATIA MARINA.

ADDRESS TO A ROSE.

1.

GO, Rose, and deck Almeria's breast,
And bloom beneath her eye:
There own thy brightest tints surpass'd,
And with pale envy die.

2.

And when she sees thy beauties fade,
And thy fair head decline;
May it instruct the lovely maid,
Her charms are frail as thine!

3.

But as thy scent unrivall'd last,
When fate thy tints consume,
'Twill teach her, Beauty is surpass'd
By Virtue's deathless bloom.

Coleshill, July 22, 1805. MARY D.

MIRANDA'S GRAVE.

1.

PAUSE, gentle villager, a moment here;
A while the thought of earthly care forego;
Breathe a soft sigh, or drop one pitying tear,
If e'er thy bosom throbb'd for others' woe:

2.

For poor Miranda, hapless woe-worn maid!
Fair as the dawn of day, and good as fair,
Beneath this rising grass-grown sod is laid—
Fair flower! nipp'd by the chilling frost of care.

3.

Early did grief invade her guileless breast;
Early, poor maid! she felt the weight of woe:
On her devoted head stern sorrow press'd,
Till she, resistless, sank beneath the blow.

4.

Her meek submission to her Maker's will
Heav'n saw, and view'd the maid with pitying eyes;
And her pure soul, from ev'ry future ill,
Caught to the blissful mansions of the skies.

Coleshill, April 16, 1805. MARY D.

FAIR KITTY.

1.

IN the deep bosom of a wood,
Far, far remote from town or city,
A little straw-roof'd cottage stood—
The peaceful dwelling of fair Kitty.

2.

Long did her charms the cot adorn,
And fill each neighb'ring shepherd's ditty;
Till cruel war a father tore
From this calm spot, and hapless Kitty.

3.

To view the anguish of the maid
Were brightest eyes suffus'd with pity:
And many a high-born nymph essay'd
To soothe the sorrows of poor Kitty.

4.

Once more had peace resum'd its sway,
Inspiring many a jocund ditty;
And hope's sublimest sweetest ray
Now warm'd the heart of blooming Kitty.

5.

She hop'd her father dear to meet;
She sought him in fam'd London city:
Alas! he fell in Britain's fleet—
And left to weep poor orphan'd Kitty.

6.

She fainted at the mournful tale;
Poor hapless maid! alas, for pity!
And grief did o'er her heart prevail,
Till death reliev'd the woes of Kitty.

Coleshill, June 14, 1805. MARY D.

EPILOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF

"*A PRIOR CLAIM.*"

Spoken by Miss Duncan.

THANK Heav'n! my face at liberty, again
My tongue can amble, in a nimbler strain:
I love the laugh, and so indeed do you—
Tho' now and then you love the serious too.
As Prologues ne'er the ensuing scenes betray,
But only ask your mercy for the Play—
So useless sure for Epilogue to show
Those incidents you all already know:
More useless still your mercy to implore,
Judgment once pass'd, and execution o'er.
From your decision no appeal we claim;
Your censure, candid; but your plaudits, fame.
We hail the hour propitious, that recals
Once more your welcome presence to these walls;
From rural sports and theatres, again
To grace the ample seats of Drury-lane.
Donkeys now mourn, their envied triumph o'er,
By Beauty's precious burthen press'd no more;
Unless some fashionable nymph will show
How well they tittup-it, in Rotten-row.
No longer cits the briny breeze enjoy,
In crowded cabin of a Margate hoy;
No longer now, on Kent's deserted shore,
They listen to the thunder's distant roar,
From batt'ries pour'd; while safe in port retire
Invasion's navies, from Britannia's fire;
Save when, by glory urg'd, the daring host,
Tremendous—skulks along the shelt'ring coast!
That Farce is damn'd—at Harlequin's command,
As shift our varying scenes from land to land;
Now here, now there—so Gallic squadrons shine;
Hey, presto!—Boulogne now, and now the Rhine.
Having, like sheep, within one penfold fenc'd ye,
To-night two authors set their wits against ye.
Though too much brains, they say, one head may fetter;
Yet all men own, two heads than one are better:
Yon critic, in bob-wig, so round and small,
Cries, Humph! *two* heads *may* have no brains at all!
For, though the simile my nature shocks,
One head like mine is better than two blocks.
I fear one fault our title has—You'll say,
It really seems connected with our play:
Yet diff'rent minds it diff'rently will strike;
All lay a *prior claim* to what they like.
Miss in her teens, and Miss in years well sped,
All, all assert the *prior claim* to wed.

Shouts the old soldier, Mine *the claim*, 'tis
plain,
To meet the foe, and drive him back again.
Avast! cries Jack; our *prior claim* shall stand,
To thresh the lubbers ere they reach the
land.
Huzza! then roars the mob, we'll all
advance
Our *prior claim* to quell the pride of France:
In one compacted body will we stand,
Zeal in each heart, and arms in ev'ry
hand,
To crush th' Usurper on our native land.
(Going, returns.)
But, soft—A word, before I haste away,
About our Author, and this evening's
Play:—
Should you approve, they 're proud your
taste to hit;
Should you condemn, they mourn it, and
submit.
They know your lib'ral voice, to justice
true,
And leave their cause to candour and to
you.

HOPE.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends;
Yet gentle Hope, on ev'ry stage,
The comforter attends.
And if the toil-worn traveller droops,
With heaviness oppress,
She cheers his heart, and bids him see
The distant place of rest.

To school the little exile goes,
And quits his mother's arms:
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty has lost its charms?
Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints that no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
If mem'ry still the present sours,
Hope lightens as she counts the hours
That hasten his return.

Youth comes, and eager fancy hails
The long-expected days;
Youth comes, and he is doom'd to prove
The fears and jealousies of love,
And all its long delays.
But when the passions with their might
Afflict the doubtful breast,
Hope bids him yet expect delight
And happiness and rest.

When manhood comes with troubles rife,
And all the toils and cares of life
Usurp the busy mind;
Where shall the tir'd and harass'd heart
Its consolation find?
Hope doubts not yet the meed t' obtain
Of difficulties past:
And looks beyond the toils of gain,
To wealth enjoy'd at last.

So to his journey's latter stage
His pilgrim feet attain;
And then he finds in wiser age
That earthly cares are vain:
Yet Hope the constant friend remains,
Who sooth'd his troubles past;
Though oft deceiving, and deceiv'd,
The truest friend at last.
By Faith and Hope in life's last hour
Are life's last pangs reliev'd:—
They give the expectation then
That cannot be deceiv'd.

LINES

TO MISS J. B.

Written near Hertford.

Unskilful they
Who dress the Queen of Love in wanton smiles.

HAIL, obscure and silent glade!
Hail, skirted bank of winding *Lee!*
Witness what I told the maid—
Witness what vows she gave to me.

When daisies deck'd the meads around,
The closing of a summer's day;
The ring-dove mourn'd his plaintive
sound,
And Sol declin'd his cheering ray;

'Twas on the verge of that clear stream,
Beyond the noisy thumping mill*,
And near the oak, where oft I've been,
My *mind* to her I did reveal.

Our love seem'd mutual; I felt blest;
For many things I told the fair:
Much she told me, and with the rest
She kindly bade me '*not despair*.'

Fell winter's storms have chang'd the scene!
The skirted banks no more I see;
No wild-flowers bloom, nor meadows
green—
But *keen unkindness* left for me.

False maid, farewell! a long adieu!
May ever *truth* with thee combine!
And lasting *peace* remain with you,
While I shall weep, depriv'd of mine!

Nov. 8, 1805. S. Y.

* The oil-mill.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Ratisbon, Oct. 16.

WE learn from Straubingen, by a letter of the 12th, that the first column of Russians has effected a junction with the Austrians near the Inn. Bonaparte on leaving Augsburgh did not go in the direction of Burgau, as was supposed, but marched with an army of 90,000 men against the Russians; while prince Murat is advancing with 80,000 against the Austrians posted at Ulm.

Limburg, Oct. 18. A Russian column consisting of 13,000 men, after passing a night in this town, proceeded by forced marches on their route. They will shortly be followed by 40,000.

Frankfort, Oct. 20. We have received the following intelligence concerning the occurrences of the war:

The passage of the Danube, at Guntzburg, occasioned a smart engagement. The Austrians kept up a destructive fire of grape-shot; but the French swam over the river during the night, and ultimately gained the end for which they had been making efforts all day long; they entered that city on the following day at noon, after it had been evacuated by the Austrians at ten. Both the archduke Ferdinand and general Mack were present.

On the 11th the French attempted to make themselves masters of Ulm; but in this they did not succeed, notwithstanding their brave attack and some loss. The attack, however, appears to have been renewed afterwards, and Ulm, according to several accounts, has fallen into the hands of the French; in consequence of which the corps, which had passed the Danube from Ulm on the 13th under the archduke Ferdinand, and extended itself to Heidenheim, Alen, Gemund, Gieslingen, &c. would be cut off.

The present position of the armies is very remarkable; for since the French have crossed at Donauwerth, and penetrated along the Lech upwards to Landsberg, and from Ingolstadt to Munich, the greatest part of their army now stretches from the Danube southward to the Tyrol, in an oblong square, where the greatest force of the Austrians was before, who being now cut off by different separate engagements, and the grand manœuvres of the French, from the corps under general Kienmayer, have concentrated themselves in a triangle, between Ulm, Memmingen, and Stockach; whilst one of their divisions from Ulm has advanced over the Danube into the Wurtemburg territory. The French army which passed the Rhine at Huningen under marshal Augereau, coming from Brest, is marching through the Black Forest, along the frontier of Switzerland, and had arrived in the neighbourhood of Schaffhausen on the 7th instant; being observed by general Von Gottesheim, who is posted at Stockach.

At Fuessen, on the Lech, a body of Austrians is posted, with a view to keep open the passage to the Tyrol on that side; whilst 45,000 Russians are said to have effected a junction with a corps of Austrians on the Inn on the 12th instant.

On the 14th or 15th of this month a fresh and most bloody and obstinate engagement took place, which lasted the whole day, and in which the em-

peror Napoleon himself at last, arriving with reinforcements, decided the victory. The consequence of this, too, is stated to have been, that if not Ulm itself, yet all the heights around the town by which it is commanded, fell into the hands of the French. The Austrians who had passed to the left bank of the Danube, and extended themselves considerably towards the frontiers of Franconia, must now be cut off from the army between Ulm and Memmingen, and are in the most desperate situation. The Archduke Ferdinand in person commands that part of the army which in the night of the 15th and 16th was at Gemund.

Berlin, *Oct.* 20. Our political system appears to have experienced a complete alteration in the course of the last fortnight. The king has given leave to the Russians to march through his dominions wheresoever they please; and the armies which were assembled to prevent them will now be sent upon a different destination. An army, consisting of Silesian and Franconian regiments, and reinforced by 24,000 Saxon troops, is on its march to Franconia, under the command of prince Hohenlohe, to cover that province and Saxony against any attack. The second army is assembling at Hildesheim, under the duke of Brunswick. The third army, consisting of the Westphalian regiments and 20,000 Hessians, commanded by the elector of Hesse, will be posted on the Rhine. Meanwhile a fourth army, under general Mollendorf, will remain in the margraviate of Brandenburgh.

Banks of the Danube, *Oct.* 21. Yesterday the Austrian army marched out of Ulm with the honours of war, and afterwards laid down their arms, and were made prisoners of war. They were to be sent towards the Rhine in several columns, under the escort of the cavalry of marshal Ney's division of the army.

Gottenburgh, *Oct.* 21. The important news was yesterday received here of the King of Prussia having joined the coaliti n, and to-day it has been confirmed from various quarters.

Frankfort, *Oct.* 22. Yesterday a French courier passed through here from Munich, on his way to Mentz. An article in a newspaper, dated Cassel, says, that immediately on the arrival of a courier from Berlin the Hessian army was put on the footing of war, and was to join a Prussian corps. It is added, that Mr. Taylor, the English minister, had returned to Cassel, having received an express order from his court to continue there. Another newspaper says, that a corps of Prussian troops, consisting of 50,000 men, were assembling on the Vistula; that 50,000 Russians had joined at Grodno, and an equal number in the environs of Warsaw.

Stutgard, *Oct.* 23. We are assured that the French have entered Saltzburgh; and that, without loss of time, they advanced into Styria, by the valley of the river Muhr, which winds through the mountains. By this movement the archduke Charles will be placed between two fires.

Hague, *Oct.* 25. For two days past repeated accounts have been received from the army on the Danube; but nothing further official is yet published. Meanwhile it is understood that the taking of Ulm by the French is more and more probable; that much blood was spilt in the conflict; that two French generals, Boudet and Grouchi, were killed; and general Vignolles had both his legs carried away by a cannon ball.

Oct. 26. A general battle was fought on Saturday the 19th instant, it was most obstinate and bloody, and the Austrians made a long and vigorous resistance: the battle lasted the greater part of the day. Victory, however, at length decided in favour of the strongest; and the Austrians were completely defeated—the whole line of the Iller was forced—Ulm and its magazines, cannon, and baggage taken—and general Mack, with the whole of his staff, made prisoners. The loss in killed and wounded was immense on the side of the Austrians; it was immense, too, no doubt, on the part of the French. None of the names of the killed or wounded officers have yet transpired, but those who survived the battle were captured or dispersed: the

whole of the Austrian army is represented as being nearly destroyed; not a vestige of what might be deemed one efficient corps remained. Those who escaped the sword or the chains of the enemy, all who were not among the number of the killed, wounded, or prisoners, were broken into puny detachments, and scattered in various directions.

Hamburgh, Oct. 29. The main corps of the Russian army, consisting of 12,000 men, was to arrive in the Mecklenburgh territory on the 24th; and the duke of Mecklenburgh Schwerin had been requested to permit the passage of 10,000 Swedes, in addition to the aforesaid Russians.

The emperor of Russia intends to leave Berlin on the 29th instant for Weimar, from whence, it is said, he will proceed to Prague, and then go back to St. Petersburgh, unless circumstances should take place which may alter his plan. Some people assert, that his Russian majesty will, perhaps, repair from Weimar to Dresden, where he will stay several days; others report, that the Roman emperor and the king of Prussia will, perhaps, arrive there at the same time.

They write from Berlin, that the French envoy extraordinary at that court, marshal Duroc, had received a courier, whose arrival has excited general attention; having brought, it is supposed, the answer of the emperor Napoleon to the note delivered on the part of the court of Berlin to the ordinary and extraordinary envoys of the French emperor.

Vienna, Oct. 30. On the 26th general Mack arrived here, but did not receive permission to come into the town. This prohibition is less to be considered as a proof of the emperor's displeasure than as a real service done him; for the discontent of the people with his conduct has mounted to such a pitch, that it was feared the general might have been ill used. The monarch, however, had not seen him before his departure, and to his demand to be tried by a court martial had caused this answer to be given—'That this should be done with severity, but with justice.' An examination is already instituted into the conduct of general Mack, and of all those to whom the misfortune of the army is imputed.

Memmingen, Nov. 1. General Wolfskehl shews himself to be a dextrous partisan and warrior. After the disaster which the Austrian army experienced at Ulm, marshal Soult attempted to surround him with his corps at Biberach; but he fought his way through, and arrived fortunately with 15,000 men at Bregentz. The French general had no sooner retreated than he extended his troops to Stockach, Ravensburg, and Leutkirch. There were straggling parties, which the day before yesterday made their way from Upper Guntzburg, and took several French officers at Mindelheim by surprise. He has with him some squadrons of the Blankenstein hussars, who attempt the most desperate enterprises.

Vienna Court Gazette, Nov. 2. The emperor has returned from his visit to the Russian army. Nothing remarkable has taken place upon the Inn since our last, except the taking of Oberhaus, a Bavarian fortress upon the Danube. The French army in Bavaria has not yet reached the Imperial confines: a part of this army seems as if it would direct its operations against the Tyrol; another division is posted in the Upper Palatinate, under prince Murat.

In consequence of the Imperial proclamation, the public spirit in Austria has been roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that the youths of every class are thronging to the standards, by which the national militia has become a formidable body of defence. The same spirit pervades the Hungarian nation; and the count Ugarte has gone to Prague to organise the national militia, and to adopt the necessary measures of defence. In the Tyrol there are 20,000 armed militia, and the levy en masse has been put in motion.

Schwerin, Nov. 9. Yesterday the Russian counsellor of state, M. D'Oubril, arrived here from Berlin, on his way to London with certain propositions.

HOME NEWS.

Tintrim, county of Galway, Oct. 9.

ON Saturday night last a miss Cunningham, the daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Tintrim, was forcibly taken away by one Fahy and an armed banditti, with an intent to compel her to marry Fahy. After stopping her mouth and tying her hands, they dragged her to the Shannon side, and then conveyed her to the Great Island. As soon as young Mr. Burke of Tintrim heard the affair, he in a most spirited manner, accompanied by a Mr. Fitzmaurice and T. Biggs, pursued the fugitives; and, notwithstanding the elusions of the country-people, came up with them, after crossing the Shannon, near the castle of Anna, in the county of Tipperary, and rescued the young innocent. They then recrossed the water, and bore her in triumph to the mansion-house at Tintrim.

Plymouth, Oct. 24. We are sorry to state a report from Morlaix, received there from Paris on Tuesday last, and brought here this morning, mentioning that Bonaparte had defeated the Austrians in a pitched battle. The way in which the account came here is as follows:—Last night late the right hon. lady Elgin, suite, and servants, arrived in 20 hours, in a vessel from Morlaix, in perfect health; previous to her leaving Morlaix a telegraphic dispatch had been received there from Paris, which stated, that Bonaparte had gained a great victory over the Austrian army in Germany, which had suffered considerably, and that, on account of this victory, there had been great rejoicings at Paris for three days. Such was the account at Morlaix when her ladyship left it on Tuesday last: as to its truth or falsehood, a few days will determine it.

Deal, Oct. 29. The 23d regiment marched in here yesterday, halted one night, and this morning proceeded for Ramsgate, where they are immediately to embark to join the grand armament in the Downs. The 4th, or King's own, are just arrived, and will march again to-morrow morning for Ramsgate, to embark on the same service. The aggregate force will then amount to upwards of 20,000 infantry, besides cavalry, &c. General Don has sailed from the Downs on board the Ariadne, the hon. captain King.—All is hurry and bustle.

On the morning of Sunday a pinnace was observed by capt. Owen, of the Immortalité, coming out of Boulogne, with a small boat in tow, which, when arrived within gun-shot, was abandoned. Captain Owen immediately sent a boat to pick her up, when a packet was found in her, addressed—"The commodore of the English squadron." The packet was directly carried on board the Immortalité, when the following words were found on the envelope:—

'The commodore Robin has the pleasure to inform the commodore of the English squadron of that good news.'

In the envelope was a paper, upon which was written, in large letters, on one side:

'*L'Armée Autrichienne, fort de cent*

mille hommes, est detruite. Le Gen. en Chef Mack *lui-même est fait prisonier à Ulm, et le Prince* Ferdinand *est en fuite.*'

The following translation was given on the other side:

'The army of the Austrians, strong of one hundred thousand, is no more. The general in chief Mack is himself a prisoner in Ulm, and prince Ferdinand is put to flight.'

Ramsgate, Oct. 30. The transports are still lying at anchor in the Downs, ready to sail with the first favourable wind, unless recent circumstances might make it advisable to countermand their departure, or alter their destination. It has been reported for the last two or three days, that the embarkation of general Moore's brigade is to be suspended for the present, and that some of the battalions which were marching to this place had therefore been ordered to halt at Deal. As the general arrived yesterday evening at Canterbury from London, and set out immediately for Shorncliff; in the first instance, our doubts must be soon removed. Lord Keith also arrived last night from the metropolis at East Cliff, within a mile of Ramsgate; but we have not as yet observed any change either in the naval or military departments in consequence of his lordship's return. The three transports fitted for cavalry remain still within the pier, with a few horses belonging to officers on board, but have not been joined by any others. As all the transports in the Downs have troops on board, the embarkation cannot therefore proceed for a day or two at all events, till the arrival of some from Deptford, which is, report says, to furnish 40 for the expedition. Eight or ten two-masted vessels, which sailed down channel this morning, and entered the Downs, are supposed to be part of them.

Deal, Nov. 1. The wind becoming tolerably fair last evening, the whole of the troops remaining on shore (destined for the expedition) were immediately ordered on board, and the fleet was expected to sail at break of day; but this morning the wind having veered round a point or two, and blowing very fresh, the transports still remain at anchor, but ready to seize the first favourable moment. General Don and his suite went on board the Ariadne this morning, and the Coldstream guards have joined the grand expedition; but whether they are destined to the same service as the King's German legion at present remains quite uncertain, and I believe is totally unknown to the officers themselves.

Half past four.—The wind still continues to blow fresh, and the fleet have not got up their anchors.

Ramsgate, Nov. 1. The 2d brigade of guards under major-general Finch, consisting of the 1st battalion of Coldstream under colonel Armstrong, and the 1st battalion of 3d guards under the hon. colonel Stopford, and the brigade of the line under general Paget, are expected to sail early to-morrow morning.

London, Nov. 6. Between one and two o'clock this morning, a lieutenant of the navy arrived at the admiralty-office. As soon as his dispatches had been opened, expresses were sent off to his majesty, and to all the ministers. At an early hour the admiralty-office was besieged by anxious enquirers: it was known that intelligence of the utmost importance had been received. The following bulletin was issued.

'Admiralty office, 6th Nov. at one, A. M.—Lieutenant Lapinotiere, of the Pickle schooner, arrived this night with dispatches from vice-admiral Collingwood, announcing a glorious victory gained by his majesty's fleet off Cadiz, under the command of lord viscount Nelson.

'On the 19th of October, the enemy's fleet, consisting of 33 ships of the line, four frigates, and two brigs, came out of Cadiz; and on the 21st at noon were brought to action by the British fleet, consisting of 27 sail of the line (seven having been previously detached under rear-admiral Louis), four frigates, and two smaller vessels. The engagement lasted four hours, and terminated by nineteen ships of the enemy's line striking their colours, and being taken possession of, exclusive of one which blew up in the action.

'Lord Nelson's ship being closely

engaged with the Santissima Trininada, and others of the enemy's ships, a musket-shot, fired from the top, wounded his Lordship in the shoulder, and deprived him of his most valuable life.

'A gale of wind at S. W. coming on the next day, and on the 24th and 25th increasing in violence, many of the prizes broke adrift, and being close to a lee-shore; it is supposed that several of them must have been wrecked; and the vice-admiral had made a signal for destroying all that could not be brought away. Two ships, from which the crews could not be removed, made their escape into Cadiz. The Santissima Trinidada was sunk, and two others of the line were destroyed before the lieutenant left the fleet. Admiral Villeneuve, who commanded in chief, and many other officers of rank, are among the prisoners.

'Besides the loss of lord Nelson, their country have to lament that of captain Duff and captain Cooke, and about 500 men killed.

'The Belleisle was totally dismasted, and the Royal Sovereign suffered very much; but no one of his majesty's ships was lost in this most glorious conflict.'

Plymouth, Nov. 9. This morning arrived express from commodore Strachan the Æolus, 32 guns, capt. lord W. Fitzroy, with dispatches, which went off express, and contain the following important news:—Commodore sir R. Strachan, on the 4th inst. with the Cæsar 84, Courageux 74, Hero 74, Namur 98, and Æolus, Santa Margaretta, and Revolutionaire frigates, fell in with a French squadron of men of war as follow:—Four sail of the line and two frigates, which had escaped the smash off Cape Trafalgar on the glorious 21st October—Montblanc, 84 guns, admiral Dumanoir; Duguay Trouin, 74 guns; Formidable, 74 guns; and Scipion, 74 guns: all which he captured. The frigates escaped. Our loss was 70 killed and wounded; the enemy about 300 killed and wounded. Our squadron and the four prizes were left by the Æolus off the Lizard this morning at five o'clock, beating up against a foul wind for this port. The bells are ringing on account of this second victory.

London, Nov. 11. At eleven o'clock last night the following letter was sent to the lord mayor from the secretary to the admiralty:

'Admiralty-Office, Nov. 10, 11 P. M. 1805.——Mr. Marsden presents his compliments to the lord mayor: has the honour to transmit an account of the further brilliant success of his majesty's arms, in the capture of four French line of battle ships by a squadron under the command of rear-admiral sir Richard Strachan, and begs to offer his congratulations to his lordship on the occasion.'

'Admiralty Office, Nov. 10, 1805, 9 P. M.—Captain lord William Fitzroy, of his majesty's ship Æolus, arrived this evening with a dispatch from rear-admiral sir Richard Strachan, dated off Rochefort (distant 90 leagues) the 4th inst. giving an account of his having on that day with his majesty's ships Cæsar, Hero, Courageux, and Namur, with the Revolutionaire, Phœnix, Æolus, and Santa Margaretta frigates under his command, fallen in with a French squadron, consisting of four line of battle ships (Formidable, rear-admiral Dumanoir; Duguay Trouin, Montblanc, and Scipion), which had separated from the remains of the combined fleet after the action off Cape Trafalgar on the 21st of October; and, having engaged them for three hours and a half, succeeded in capturing the whole of them. The enemy is understood to have between 5 and 600 men killed and wounded: the loss of his majesty's ships did not exceed 30 killed and 100 men wounded. Sir R. S. was left with his prizes off the Lizard on the morning of the 8th instant. 'A true copy.

(Signed) 'JAMES SHAW, Mayor.

'*To the Master of Lloyd's.*'

The above letter was early this morning sent to Lloyd's by the Lord Mayor, who accompanied it with the following note:—

'I congratulate my country on the further most important and glorious success of his majesty's arms.

(Signed) 'JAMES SHAW.

'Mansion-House, Nov. 11, half-past 7.'

London, Nov. 13. His majesty has given directions that the body of lord viscount Nelson shall be interred in St. Paul's cathedral, and that there shall be a grand funeral procession, with all military and national honours, made out by the college of arms, and at the public expence, on the occasion. Mr. Peddison, of Brewer-street, to whom the noble viscount had entrusted his coffin, will have the order of the funeral. We have no doubt but that the ceremony will be conducted with all the solemnity that can bespeak the nation's feeling.

The body of lord Nelson, we are informed, will be landed at Greenwich, and placed in the painted hall until the definitive arrangements be made.

Dover, Nov. 17. All the men-of-wars' launches and double-boats are gone out; they went out last night's tide into the roads, where there are about 27 sail of sloops of war, praams, gun-brigs, &c. and the boats are with them; the whole under the Antelope. Sir Sidney Smith will get under way, it is said, to night, when the flood-tide makes, and stand over to Boulogne.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 25. At Tortworth-court, Gloucestershire, the lady Frances Moreton, of a daughter.

In Durweston-street, the lady of Samuel Truman, esq. of a son.

26. The lady of C. Manners, esq. of Edmonthorpe-hall, Rutlandshire, of a son.

At Iffley, near Oxford, the lady of lieut. col. Maxwell, of a son.

27. In Berkley-square, the lady of A. J. Ram, esq. of a daughter.

At Windmill-hill, Sussex, the lady of Edw. J. Curteis, esq. of a son.

30. At the seat of C. Morley Balders, esq. at West Basham, in the county of Norfolk, the hon. Mrs. Balders, of a son.

Nov. 4. In Portland-place, the lady of Herbert Jarrett, esq. of a son.

11. At Mr. Moreton Pitt's, in Arlington-street, the lady of the rev. Lascelles Iremonger, of a daughter.

14. The lady of Thomas L. Hodges of Hemsted, in Kent, esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 19. John Barton, esq. of Norfolk-street, London, to miss Eliza Taylor, of Dublin, daughter of the late Godfrey Taylor, of Noan, esq.

23. Mr. John Ash Sturges, of Warwick-court, Gray's-inn, to miss Sophia Whitbread, of King's Langley, in the county of Herts.

24. At Dulverton, Somerset, Mr. T. Pearse, of Cloak-lane, London, to miss Kent, only daughter of the late Thomas Kent, esq. of Timberscombe, in the same county.

At St. James's church, by the rev. Dr. Hall, canon of Christ Church, Oxford, Robert G. Hopwood, esq. of Hopwood-hall, Lancashire, to the hon. miss Byng, one of the maids of honour to her majesty, and daughter to the hon. John Byng.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Abraham Cumberbatch, esq. of Tubney-lodge, Berks, to miss Charlotte Jones, daughter of R. B. Jones, esq. of Hereford-street, Grosvenor square.

26. At Hamstead, Fran. Latter, esq. of Little Maddox-street, Hanover-square, to miss Bushly, of Orchard-street, Portman-square, daughter of the late Joseph Bushly, esq. commissary-general at St. Domingo.

At Walthamstow, the rev. Charles Williams, of Ealing, to miss Jackson, of Houghton-le-Spring, Durham.

Mr. P. F. Cuthbert, of Melford, to miss Rush, daughter of Mr. Rush, of Arwarton-hall, Suffolk.

Mr. Ginger, bookseller, College-street, to miss Godfree, daughter of Mr. Godfree, of Milbank-street, Westminster.

At Exmouth, capt. Martin, of the 1st regiment of foot-guards, and eldest son of Wm. Byam Martin, esq. to miss Rolleston, eldest daughter of Samuel Rolleston, esq. of the Isle of Wight.

Nov. 1. At Edinburgh, Robt. Cockburn, esq. to miss Duff, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Duff, esq. of Hatton.

At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Mr. Hawes, of the Union Fire office, Cornhill, to miss Hanmer.

3. At Middleton, in the county of Cork, capt. Joseph, to miss Nichson, daughter of the late col. Nichson, of the county Cavan militia, and niece to lady Donoughmore.

4. At Canterbury, Mr. John Townsend, upholsterer, of Lower Thames-street, to miss Sophia Sankey, youngest daughter of the late Tho. Sankey, esq. of the same place.

7. Capt. T. Park, of the royal marine artillery at Woolwich, to miss Maskall, of Gosport.

At Woodbridge church, the rev. Henry Craven Ord, chaplain to his royal highness the prince of Wales, to miss Roper, only daughter of the late S. Roper, esq. of Woodbridge.

8. At Wraxall, Tho. Griffith, esq. of Wrexham, Denbighshire, to miss Nicklin, only daughter of the late rev. L. D. Nicklin, of Bradford.

9. At St. Peter's church, Carmarthen, John Morgan, esq. to miss Maria Lloyd, both of that town.

11. At Dover, Mr. John Payne, ironmonger, of London, son of William Payne, esq. of Lagsheath, Sussex, to miss Shadgett, daughter of Wm. Shadgett, esq. of Dover.

16. At Mary-la-bonne church, Mr. John Smith, of Bulstrode-street, Manchester-square, to miss Stoddard, of Ashford, in Kent.

19. At Mary-la-bonne church, Cha. Harrison, esq. of Sutton-house, Sussex, to miss Evanson, grand-daughter of the late Thomas Willard, esq. of East-Bourn.

At Mary-la-bonne church, G. H. Bellasia, esq. eldest son of general Bellasia, to miss Charlotte Maude, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Maude, esq. of Kendal.

19. Mr. Wm. Silversides, of Hadleigh, to miss Ann Watson, daughter of the late Christopher Watson, esq. of Mark lane.

Anthony Geleducki, esq. of New Broad-street, to miss Butterworth, of Bush-hill, Edmonton.

DEATHS.

Oct. 21. At Ballindeen, the seat of lady Wedderburn, the right hon. lady Kinnaird. Her ladyship survived the shock occasioned by the death of lord Kinnaird only ten days.

23. At Windsor, Mr. John Forster, of Christ-church, Oxford, eldest son of John Forster, esq. of Lincoln's-inn.

25. At Malvern Wells, after a long and painful illness, John Saunders, esq. merchant, of Leadenhall-street.

At his house near Portsmouth, of an apoplectic attack, rear-admiral Cooper.

27. At Plaistow, in Essex, Mr. J. Bell, jun. of Oxford-street.

At Black Rock, near Dublin, the lady of sir John Lees, bart.

28. At his house, at Blackheath, Rich. Hulse, esq. brother to the late and uncle to the present sir Edward Hulse, of Bremer, in the county of Hants, bart.

At Bath, in the 95th year of his age, the rev. Daniel Dumaresq, D. D. prebendary of Sarum and Wells, and rector of Yeovilton.

At Clayton, capt. Barth. Rook, late of the Justiana West-Indiaman.

Nov. 2. At Dronfield, John Greenway, esq. formerly of that place, and lately of Hull.

Mr. Wass, grocer and shopkeeper, of North Muskham, near Newark. About thirty years ago it is supposed he made a vow never to step out of his house, on any account; and, notwithstanding the most earnest entreaties of his friends, he scrupulously kept it till his death.

At his house in Aldersgate-street, Wm. Rawdon, esq. of Cheapside.

At Chelsea, Mrs. Fordyce, aged 78, relict of Dr. George Fordyce.

Suddenly, at his house in New Bond-street, Joseph Rogers, esq.

At Hackney, Richard Cleaver, esq. aged 87 years, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex.

3. The hon. Mrs. Maitland, at col. Maitland's, Davies-street.

Of a fever, at Dale-castle, Pembrokeshire, in the 20th year of his age, major John Allen Lloyd, of the Cardiganshire militia.

At the queen's palace, in the 84th year of her age, Mrs. Briggs, the deputy housekeeper to her majesty. She filled that station upwards of 44 years.

At Exeter, of a consumption, Mr. Serjeant, of Doctor's Commons.

At Sherborne, after a short illness, H Hiley, esq. a commissary general in the army.

At Sherborne, in the 67th year of his age, Erle Hawker, esq. 22d foot.